USHERETTE

Chapter 1

The sign on his desk read "John Simpson, Manager." Janet Morrison's dark brown eyes left the sign and went back to the handsome man behind the desk. The dark, slender twelve-year-old felt a trembling tension in her stomach. This was the first time she'd ever tried to apply for a real job.

John Simpson looked up from the application that Janet had just filled out. He was handsome, a little plump, and too well fed. But his black hair was full and neatly combed and he wore a loud but expensive sports coat. In short, he looked just like what he was, a successful manager of a large movie theatre.

"It says here that you're sixteen, is that right, Janet?"

The little girl tried to smile and look casual under the man's knowing stare.

"Yes... sixteen," Janet lied.

Mr. Simpson nodded and raised one eyebrow.

Janet could see that he knew she wasn't telling the truth but the twinkle in his eye told her that he wasn't going to press the issue.

"You understand that your work here would keep you out late? Does your family know that you wouldn't be getting home until after midnight?"

A flicker of a frown crossed the girl's face before she nodded. "There's just my mother and she says that it will be all right, at least during the summer," Janet said in a low voice. She thought of her mother. Poor Julia, it was terrible for her, widowed only a few months and finding that the money from daddy's insurance didn't stretch as far as she had thought it would. They needed the money and her mother would just have to get used to the idea of her getting home late.

"All right," John Simpson murmured and pretended to study her application, but Janet saw that he was really looking up her legs and under her short skirt. The pretty dark-haired girl felt a warning ripple run along her spine when she realized what the man was doing and wished she'd worn a longer skirt.

It was embarrassing and upsetting, but for the past half year she had noticed that men and bigger boys had started to stare at her and Janet wasn't certain how she should take it. On one hand, she knew that it was naughty and not proper, but even so it made her feel good to know that they were admiring her body.

"I'm not all that sure that you'd be willing to work the hours that is required," John Simpson said, watching Janet closely.

The pretty preteen girl jerked upright in her chair. She had to get this job, it was important!

Before she could speak, the theatre manager went on, his eyes never leaving her as he did: "Of course there are... opportunities for an ... eager young lady, such as yourself, to make a good deal of money here at the Majestic, but it does take work and long hours."

"Oh, I'd work hard, Mr. Simpson, it's really important that I get the job. My mother and I need the extra money!" There was another reason that Janet was desperate to be hired. She had been talking to some friends and had bragged that she already had the job. What would they say if she didn't?

Seemingly satisfied, John Simpson smiled at Janet and leaned back in his chair. "Come here then honey," he said in a quiet voice. "Let me have a look at you."

"We wear a rather... revealing uniform here," Mr. Simpson purred to her. Janet felt herself flush again as she nodded. She'd seen the uniform every time that she came to a movie. "Please go into the other room and see if we have a uniform that fits you."

The manager pointed to a door behind his desk. Pleased that he was still interested in her for the job, Janet scurried to the door and up to a rack of freshly cleaned usherette costumes.

Without a moment's thought or hesitation, she unbuttoned her blouse and pulled it off. She stared at the uniform tops and shook her head as she looked down at her own, cupcake-sized breasts. She had more than any of the other twelve-year-olds in her class, but it would be some time before she could fill any of these uniforms out.

Still concerned about her lack of breasts, she unsnapped her skimpy skirt and let it drop to her feet, leaving her with only a filmy pair of blue panties on, and she shivered when a cool draft went through the store room. She was so intent on finding a uniform small enough for her that she didn't stop to think where the draft came from and didn't notice the door behind her quietly swing open to allow Mr. Simpson to step in and sit in the large chair in the center of the room.

At last, Janet found one uniform that looked small enough and, taking it from the rack, she turned, planning to try it on.

"Ohhh! I... I didn't know that you would be here, Mr. Simpson!" Embarrassed, she clutched the uniform in her hands and tried to hide her naked body from the man's eyes. "I... I'm not... dressed yet!"

Mr. Simpson nodded, only the faintest hint of a smile flickering at the corners of his lips. He made no move to leave. All he did was sit there and stare at Janet until the trembling girl was sure that he could see through the small uniform that she was holding in front of her.

"Janet," Mr. Simpson said as he crooked his finger and motioned for her to come to him.

The girl began to inch toward him, still terribly uncertain about the situation.

"Come here, honey," the man said. This time, his voice was stronger, more commanding. "Let's get something straight between us. I know that you're not old enough for this job and I know that you want it pretty bad."

Janet nodded, her wide dark eyes never left Mr. Simpson's face as she obeyed him and moved a few feet closer.

"Am I right? You aren't really old enough, are you?"

For a second, Janet was tempted to bluff her way, but then her courage failed and she hung her head and shrugged helplessly.

"Do you really need this job? I mean do you need this job bad enough to... be nice to me and do what I tell you?"

Janet was stunned, looking wide-eyed at the theatre owner! He hadn't said it in so many words, but she knew what he was asking! Simpson smiled and nodded. "That's right, I'm asking if you want this badly enough to have a little fun with me from time to time." The handsome man shifted in his chair and Janet knew why when she saw the front of his pants pushing out as his penis grew erect and hard!!

She flushed and made a small sound deep in her throat as she stared at Mr. Simpson. She knew what a hard prick looked like. She had a friend, Dickie Webber, and they had been playing... games in her garage for over a year. They had not done much, and nothing that they'd done in their fumbling and touching made her ready to handle the situation she was faced with now!

"I... we really need the money," the little girl whispered as she stared at the man. Besides that, Janet could imagine the scornful looks on her friends' faces when she had to confess that she didn't have the job and the picture made her feel just awful!

John Simpson looked steadily at the lovely, black-haired girl before him. "Well, if you did work for me this summer you could work at night, and on two mornings a week we have meetings of the Film Classics Club. If you worked those mornings that would mean even more money for you and then, if you work out all right, there are... other ways for you to make even more money. A lot of it."

The handsome man's face stayed even and calm as he asked again, "Do you want the job, little girl? I should think your mother would like all that extra money. Wouldn't she?"

Janet began to tremble. She was so upset that she didn't know what to say.

Mr. Simpson solved the problem for her when he leaned forward and calmly took the uniform out of Janet's nerveless fingers. When the shocked girl stood before him, dressed only in her tight, nearly transparent panties, he motioned for her to come to him.

Janet shuddered. She was so aware of his stare that she could feel his eyes creeping up her thighs and over the plump, downy folds of her sex. She felt herself moving forward far enough for Mr. Simpson to take her hand and pull, until their knees touched and she had a clear view of the straining bulge in his slacks.

"Don't be afraid," he said in a soft voice. "You and I can have a lot of fun together. I can show you things that you never knew about before." His fingers tightened around her wrist as he stared at her nearly naked body. Janet was shivering. It was caused partly by fear and partly by a feeling of anticipation that raced along her nerves.

Simpson pulled her far back on his lap until she could feel her back pressing against his chest and his stiffening, bulging sexual member pressing up against the thin seat of her panties!

"Mr. Simpson? I... I don't think..." Janet didn't get a chance to finish her meek protest. The handsome man hugged her close and began to whisper in her ear, calming the nervous little girl.

"Shhhhh, Janet. There's nothing to be afraid of! I won't hurt you. All I want to do is make you feel good." The nearly naked pre-teener shivered, but didn't try to struggle, even when the man's warm hands moved to her bare shoulders, then down. He used a slow, circular movement and with each circle that his hands made over her flesh they dropped lower.

"Haven't you ever let some nice boy do this for you?" the man asked. His voice was deep and husky. "You're such a pretty dark, little thing. Hasn't someone ever put their hands here and squeezed you?"

Janet gasped and stiffened. Mr. Simpson's warm, soft palms were completely covering the firm little melons of her budding breasts and their pressure felt SO nice!

"Tell me, honey," the man persisted. "Haven't you taken your clothes off for some other man or some kid and let them have you?"

Janet wiggled uncomfortably, she didn't want to tell the man about Dickie. Besides, he didn't really count. "No, I never did this before." It wasn't really a lie. She'd never sat on a man's lap while he kissed her neck and gently squeezed and played with her small breasts like this before!

"I'm glad that I'm the first," John sighed. As the man spoke, one of his warm hands dropped away from Janet's hard little breasts and began to creep down over her flat belly. He kept the other hand moving from one sharp nipple to the other. Each time that he pinched and gently pulled at one, Janet would sigh and wiggle a little against his bone hard erection.

"I can show you some ways to make you feel good, honey. I can show you some tricks that you won't believe!" He sounded excited, too.

Janet made a soft moaning sound when his fingers reached the elastic waistband of her panties and dipped underneath.

"Do you play with yourself, sometimes? Do you put your fingers in your tight little pussy, baby?"

Janet felt herself blushing furiously. She wiggled uncomfortably as she nodded. "Well, yes," she whispered. "Last year a girl in my class showed me how to do it. My mother says that it's not a nice thing to do... but I still do it, sometimes."

Mr. Simpson chuckled, his fingers slowly working down the silky flesh of her slender belly. She knew where they were headed and the thought made the plump lips of her downy little slot feel all puffy and hot.

"All mothers tell their children that playing with themselves is wrong, but it isn't. All playing with yourself does is make you feel good, right?"

Janet would have answered him, but at that very instant his forefinger found the smooth swell of her immature pussy and forced its way between the lips. "Ummmm, you're getting wet," John murmured, pinching one of Janet's now pebble-hard nipples. "You like this, don't you?"

The trembling little girl didn't know what to say. Janet knew that what she was letting the man do wasn't nice, but she and her mother did need the money badly, and it did feel good! "Yes, it's nice," Janet whispered and she was rewarded when the man's finger began to twirl and press against the tight mouth of her little pussy, sending hot, blazing jolts of pleasure radiating out through her suddenly overheated body!

Janet gasped and wiggled. She felt Mr. Simpson's hard-on rubbing against her and boldly pressed her soft, yielding buttocks against it, making the handsome man groan with pleasure.

"Have you ever seen a man's cock? Have you ever been close to one when it's hard and held it in your hands?" Mr. Simpson's breath tickled her ear and sent chills of pleasure racing up and down Janet's spine. "I want you to hold my prick, Janet! Will you do that for me?"

"I... I guess... If you promise not to hurt me."

"Oh, no! I don't want to hurt you, honey," the eager manager whispered as he lifted the slender twelve-year-old off his lap and stood her on her unsteady feet. "You're going to like this! Now let's get these off first." Janet's hands shook as she helped the man pull her tight panties off and slip them down over her thighs.

Looking down, she was surprised and a bit embarrassed when she saw the wet spot on her crotch piece and realized that her warm little pussy was sending down a warm coating of lubricant.

Mr. Simpson had left his jacket in his office. The man leaned back in his chair and smiled boldly at the still slightly dazed twelve-year-old girl as he calmly unbuckled his belt and unzipped the front of his slacks.

But with only a slight hesitation, the girl edged a little closer and watched as the theatre manager popped the snaps on his shorts and pulled his stiff, hard penis into view! A small sighing sound oozed out of her throat as she stared intently at Mr. Simpson's big dong straining in his fist.

'Oh, my! I thought that Dickie's hard penis was big,' the excited little girl thought, 'but Mr. Simpson's is three times as large!' A tingling, itching sensation flickered to life deep in the untouched depths of Janet's virgin love sheath. She knew how babies were made and what men and women did together in bed. The idea that the man would want to put that big, swollen-looking penis inside her was a little frightening, but it was an exciting, bubbly kind of fright and she didn't back off.

'I know it's wrong,' the girl told herself, 'but we need the money and I want the job!' She was hiding part of the truth from herself. Janet knew it, but she was having such an exciting time that she didn't want to think about any of that now!

Mr. Simpson had pushed his shorts and slacks down past his knees and he sat half naked in his chair, smiling at her while he pumped his hand up and down his big pole. Janet trembled as her dark eyes moved from the round, hairy orbs of the man's heavy balls, up the white shaft to the red, almost purple knob of his glans.

"Don't be afraid of it," Mr. Simpson coaxed. "Just touch it, that's all you have to do. Touch it. Take it in your hand!"

The little girl nervously reached out and brushed the tips of her fingers against his shaft.

Slipping an arm around the naked twelve-year-old's waist, the excited man lifted Janet easily and put her on his lap. Janet felt funny and kind of embarrassed when she felt the naked cheeks of her bottom rubbing against Mr. Simpson's hairy legs. The man was guiding her hand to his hard pole and she

leaned back in the crook of his other arm as he taught her how to curl her slim fingers around him and squeeze hard on his thick penis!!

"Oooohhh yes, that feels good," John Simpson whispered in Janet's ear.

Janet sat on one of Mr. Simpson's thighs. He had spread his legs a little and pulled her back so that it was easy for the interested pre-teener to work her fist up and down him. Her hooked thumb brushed against his naked thigh while he taught her how to masturbate him.

"Just like that, honey, up and down. Squeeze it a little tighter, ummmm hummmm, perfect!" The handsome man groaned as Janet increased the pace and made her fist pump up and down in his lap.

"There now, that isn't so bad, is it? You like to play with my cock, don't you?" While he spoke, John's hand slipped back between Janet's warm thighs and gently pressed them apart.

A warm, delicious feeling caused the naked little girl to tear her eyes away from the man's big cock. She watched as a thick forefinger parted the bald lips of her vulva and dipped into the clear, glistening moisture that was seeping out of her. Janet could see the small, pink nubbin of her baby clitoris peeking out and shuddered with excitement and pleasure as the fingertip pressed hard against it.

Dickie had touched her there and it had been good, but never this good! Janet's firm little ass wiggled and she pumped even harder at Mr. Simpson's big cock as he aroused her! It only took a minute or perhaps two for the excited man's probing finger to strike a flame in the pretty child's belly. The flame burned away any last shreds of doubt and resistance.

"Ohhhh! That's nice," Janet breathed softly. Mr. Simpson's hand left her hard, swollen dark nipples and pressed against the edge of her chin, turning her pretty face so he could kiss her!

At first, she didn't know what to do when she felt his wet, tongue pressing between her lips. Then, the man's finger began a rapid twirling movement in her tight little pussy. Janet gasped and when her jaw opened, Mr. Simpson's tongue pushed its way into her mouth and began to flick at the pointed tip of her own tongue.

The naked girl shuddered. Mr. Simpson's tongue made her feel all funny and shaky as it slid in and out of her mouth. But some instinct guided her and Janet was glad because it was even nicer when she tightened her lips around his tongue and she began to suck on it!!

Mr. Simpson made a groaning sound, and his cock jerked and swelled even larger in her fist. Janet felt something warm and slippery dripping down on her fingers. The girl knew what it was. Dickie's skinny prick got wet when she played with it, too. Drops of clear juice would leak out of the slit on top of his cock, but never so much! The excited girl moaned and Mr. Simpson's finger fluttered back and forth over the hard stub of her clit as her thumb lifted and rubbed hard against the cock's meaty glans.

"Damn, but you learn fast," Mr. Simpson groaned happily.

Janet giggled but didn't miss a stroke as her small hand flew up and down his jerking pole of flesh. The rapid pumping motion that she was using caused warm drops of the man's love lubricant to splash on her naked thighs. Janet liked the feel of it on her and enjoyed seeing it glitter on her dark skin.

Mr. Simpson's finger had found the narrow opening to her vagina and it was slowly forcing its way into her. Janet groaned as her tight, wet opening was stretched but she made no effort to pull away because the man's thumb was lightly strumming against the burning clitoris while his twisting finger advanced.

"God! You are a virgin! I didn't think that there were any left!!"

The naked child felt her cheeks burn as she blushed and hid her embarrassment by forcing her tired little hand and arm to jerk faster and faster on his slippery prick.

"I'll make it nice," Mr. Simpson groaned in her ear.

Janet sighed and began to roll her slim hips as the fingers that moved in her downy pussy made her feel better and better!

"I'll make you feel so good that you'll scream for more!"

The man's wet tongue worked in and out of her ear, down the nape of her neck and across her shoulder. Janet shook. Her small mouth opened and she moaned with pleasure. Her eyes popped open in surprise and before she actually knew what was happening inside her slim body, her climax exploded in a starburst of pleasure!!!

"Annnggghhh!!" she moaned and shuddered as her hot, little slit sucked and pulled around Mr. Simpson's twirling, pressing finger. "Aaaaiiieeee!! Ohhh, Mr. Simpson... aaaaiiieeee!!!"

Janet's thighs stiffened, her belly fluttered, and her head repeatedly banged against Mr. Simpson's shoulder while his knowing finger made her slim, beautiful body dance and jerk.

"Go faster... agggghhh!! You're going to make me come, little honey," the theatre manager snorted in her ear.

Janet's arm ached but the jolting flashes of joy that were still exploding between her splayed thighs gave her fresh energy and she worked as hard as she could to finish the job she had started.

"Annnuuuggghhh!!" His fat cock jumped. Janet was watching with fevered interest when the swollen slit in the glans opened and a long, white jet of hot come shot in the air and then came splattering down on her naked thighs and belly. "Oggghhhh... Aaaaggghhh!!"

The tired little girl slumped back against Mr. Simpson's shoulder. She was so exhausted that she hardly took notice as the man used the fingers of both of his hands to spread his cooling come all over her smooth, naked little body.

"You're going to work out just fine, Janet," the man whispered and kissed her cheek. "I'm going to make sure that you earn a lot of money for your mommy and have a lot of fun doing it."

Small warning bells rang in the girl's mind but she ignored them as she watched drowsily while he painted her still-hard nipples with his sticky semen.

Chapter 2

Her first night at work. It was so exciting! Janet caught sight of her reflection in one of the glass lobby doors and paused to admire it. She was proud of herself. Her deep blue costume top clung tight and instead of hanging loose from her bust the way she thought it would, it seemed to push her still small, orange-sized breasts higher and made them look larger than they were. The pretty little girl liked the way that her short red skirt hugged her waist and fit over the curve of her developing hips and saucy buttocks. There was a tight fitting pair of matching red panties just peeking out from under the skirt and Janet thought the whole effect was wonderful.

The little usherette looked away from the glass and saw the snack-bar manager, Mrs. Borden, looking at her. Janet flushed guiltily and remembered that she was supposed to be working. Taking a firm grip on her flashlight, the little girl peeked one more time at her reflection and admired the way that her daring uniform made her legs look even longer than they were.

The door to aisle C closed soundlessly behind her as Janet stepped into the darkened auditorium. All she had to do was watch for smokers, keep little children from running up and down the aisles and help the other two ushers when she was asked to. Mr. Simpson said it was the job he gave to all the new girls.

Mr. Simpson! Janet was glad that no one could see her in the dark because she could feel her cheeks burning when she thought about him. A funny, warm sensation began between her thighs every time she thought about the things that Mr. Simpson had done to her. She knew it was wrong for her to let the man touch her and teach her those things, but it had made her feel good, just the way that he had promised. Besides, it made Janet feel grown up and daring just to know that a grown up man had been interested in her like that!

Janet passed down the aisle feeling important when some kids that she knew saw her and whispered excitedly among themselves. She passed between the first row and the screen and then walked up aisle D.

"What is your name again, dear? I'm sorry but I was so busy earlier that I don't think I caught it."

Janet stopped by the candy counter, startled since the good looking blonde clerk hadn't spoken to her all evening. Janet guessed she was in her late twenties and smiled shyly, impressed by how pretty and self assured the blonde was and painfully aware of how well built she was and wondered if she was ever going to grow up and look half as nice as that.

"It's Janet Morrison, ma'am," she said quickly.

Mrs. Borden smiled at her and tossed her blonde hair with a shake of the head. The motion also made the older woman's large breasts jiggle under her tight fitting uniform top.

"Oh, don't be so formal, Janet. You can call me Grace. I work here just like you."

Grace reached across the counter and gently brushed Janet's long, curly black hair back from her shoulder, letting the tips of her fingers touch the girl's neck as she did. "You look so cute in your costume, Janet. It's very becoming."

The blonde's green eyes moved down over her slim body and without knowing why, the little girl felt nervous. Grace smiled again as she pointed up the stairs behind Janet. "It's almost intermission. You'd better go up and check the ladies lounge and make sure that everything is all right."

Janet scurried up the stairs and put her uneasy thoughts about Grace out of her mind. When she returned, after having checked the restroom, she heard the film end and she helped the other usherette open the doors.

"How's it going?"

The other girl's name was Kathy. She was older than Janet, about seventeen.

"It's always confusing on the first night. You'll get used to it." Kathy grinned. She had blue eyes and dark, auburn hair. "Well, I've got to go and help Grace behind the counter, see you."

Janet watched Kathy hurry away and admired the other girl's shapely legs and the sexy way that her round, firm bottom swayed when she walked. She looked down at her own slim legs and despaired of their ever filling out.

The evening flew by. Everything was so new and so exciting that Janet hardly noticed. Twice she'd had to flash her light on customers and ask them to stop smoking and she was surprised to note that it gave her a sense of power that she'd never had before.

The pretty girl stopped just inside the doors and looked around the auditorium. This was the second showing and there weren't so many patrons. Janet only glanced up at the screen from time to time. The movie was filled with gunshots and squealing tires and she didn't care for it much.

She wasn't sure if it was a movement or a sound that caught her attention, but something drew her to the seats just to her right. The only people in the last three rows were a couple and they were pressing against each other and from the way that their heads were moving Janet could tell that they were kissing. She stifled a giggle and craned her neck so that she could see better. Mr. Simpson had told her not to say anything to neckers unless they got out of hand or that people around them complained. Janet saw the man's arm move away from the lady's shoulder and drop out of sight. A few seconds later the lady stiffened and then began to kiss him even harder than before!

It wasn't so funny now. Janet felt a small trickle of excitement run down her spine. Deep inside her belly she felt her vagina twist and the muscles around it pull. She'd seen other people kissing and messing around before and wondered why this would excite her so much.

Moving carefully and slowly, Janet inched forward so that she could see down the aisle and see what the man was doing to make the lady sigh and wriggle so. The scene on the screen was being done in daylight and it cast a glowing silver light around the theatre, enough light for her to get her wish!

The man had pulled the lady's skirt up over her stomach and was working his hand between her parted thighs. The lips of Janet's own little pussy grew hot and moist when she watched the woman jerk and shake her hips like that. Wicked, naughty memories of Mr. Simpson teased and nipped at Janet and excited her.

The lady moved a little and Janet was faintly shocked when she saw that her blouse was unbuttoned and her bare breasts were gleaming in the silver light. Just then, Janet saw a flash of something white in the man's lap and once she concentrated on it, she could make out what it was. The lady had his hard prick in her hand and was playing with it!!!

Janet shivered and remembered how exciting it had been to run her fingers up and down the length of Mr. Simpson's big thing and she wondered if that other man's cock felt any different?

The couple kept their heads together, kissing and whispering while they masturbated each other. Janet was so excited that her knees were shaking as she pressed against the arm of a seat and openly stared at them. She found that by bending her knees a little, she could force the smooth wooden armrest against her burning little mound and then by flexing her thighs she could make it rub against her there.

As she stood in the darkness, rubbing her own pussy against the armrest, the lady in the seat began to moan softly. Most of the sounds she made were drowned out by the film's sound track, but Janet was certain that she could hear moans and gasps as the lady stiffened in the seat and began to shake as the man's hand flashed between her spread and shaking thighs. She was coming! Janet was shocked to see it happen in public like this and the fact that it was made it even more thrilling to her!

The woman's hand was still working up and down on the man's white tube of a cock and when he groaned and pulled her close to him, Janet knew that he was going to shoot his come! She sighed softly to herself and rubbed harder against the seat as she watched the two struggle for a moment. Janet saw the lady shake her head and try to pull back but the man was stronger and in just seconds he'd managed to grip her by the nape of the neck and push her head down in his lap. She was forced to slide out of her seat and kneel on the floor to keep from breaking her neck!

For an instant, Janet was puzzled, but then she saw the woman's head begin to bob up and down and she understood! She felt a surging sensation in her belly when she realized that the woman had the man's cock in her mouth. She was going to drink all the messy goo when it shot out of him!!!

She'd heard about women doing that for men. She'd seen the name scrawled on walls but somehow Janet never really believed that it happened! In spite of the revulsion she felt, her excitement didn't die away. It even grew stronger!! Janet's legs were shaking as she rolled her hips harder and strained to see every detail of what was happening. She could see the lady's pretty face in profile and watched as her ovaled lips slid up and down on the man's erect cock. In the dim light, she could see the prick glisten wetly as the lady nursed on it. Janet's heart was hammering in her chest and she was so close to her own climax that she didn't see the door open or hear the footsteps behind her until it was way too late!!

The man on the seat was groaning, his head fell back against the padded seat and he began to make frantic thrusts. He had one hand on top of the lady's head and held it down while he came. Janet gasped and shook when she imagined all that white mess shooting in her own mouth and was about to have her own climax when a voice breathed in her ear.

"You shouldn't be playing around watching other people," the voice said quietly. "You're just lucky that I'm the one who caught you or you'd be fired before you even got started."

The shocked girl whirled away from the wooden armrest. Her slender body was shrieking with protest and demanding those last few hard thrusts that would take her to climax. Before her, the humiliated girl saw the head usher, a tall, handsome boy named Rick. The look she saw in his eyes sent a charge of fear through her.

Rick paused and took a long look over Janet's shoulder, then, grinning, he took hold of her arm and, pushing her ahead of him, started hurrying down the aisle toward the door that led backstage.

The minute the door shut behind them, Rick began to laugh. He still held her by the arm as he led Janet behind the tall screen and to a small alcove by the back wall.

It was all so confusing! Janet looked around her and shivered. The sound from the film was far away, the speakers were pointed in the other direction, but she could see the gigantic reverse images on the screen before them. Janet stared in shock at what looked like a gigantic moving pillar before she realized that the image she saw, the image that was taller than she was, was a close up of a man's finger dialling a phone!! She didn't know why the head usher had brought her back here and she was worried beyond words!

Rick stood by the wall and was talking into a phone extension that hung there. Janet stood very still where he left her and looked around. - The back wall jogged for some reason, forming a small semi-room. The surprised girl saw a table, a couple of chairs and a cot covered with a bedspread in the space.

Rick hung up the phone and flopped down on the cot. He was smiling at her as he motioned for her to come to him. "Hey, kid! Come over here and sit. I want to have a little talk with you."

Janet didn't want to go over there. Something about the way that Rick looked at her frightened her, but the thought of getting fired on her first night on the job was even more frightening, so she obeyed.

Hesitantly, Janet moved toward the slim head usher. He was quite handsome and good-looking in his form-fitting uniform and Janet felt awkward and awed. Then his fingers touched her and she shuddered as the itchy wiggling feeling flared back to life between her legs.

Pulling her down on the cot beside him, the handsome young man grinned at Janet. "Was that the first time that you ever saw some chick giving a guy a blow job?"

Janet was so embarrassed and shocked by Rick's blunt question that she didn't know what to say.

Rick chuckled and Janet was so shaken that she didn't react when he slipped his arm around her shoulders. "A pretty little chick like you shouldn't have to rub her pussy against a seat just to get off," Rick whispered. "At least not when there's someone like me around to take care of you."

He didn't give Janet a chance to protest. Rick knew exactly what to do and he did it with such ease that Janet didn't know what was happening to her until she found herself lying flat on her back with the good looking head usher bending over her.

He kissed her and this time, when she felt the pressure of his tongue, the trembling little girl knew what was expected of her. She opened her mouth and let his tongue slip past her lips and search for her own. At the same time, the older boy's hands were moving over Janet's hips and down her smooth thighs, each splayed finger leaving a glowing path of excitement on her flesh.

Their tongues were flicking and lashing against each other and with each passing second, the inexperienced little girl became hotter and more eager. Shyly, Janet's arms lifted and wrapped around Rick's neck. She used her hold to lift herself off the bed and press her glowing body against his while he caressed her thighs and gently pushed them apart.

Janet shuddered when she felt the boy's hand pressing against the soft flesh of her inner thighs and she lifted herself again, using her feet to press herself against his muscular body.

When the kiss ended, Rick sat up but he kept one hand between the gasping little girl's legs as he used the other to unbutton his tight tunic. Janet couldn't believe what was happening to her! She shook and shivered as the older boy's hand moved up her bare flesh until the backs of his knuckles were pressing firmly against the swollen outline of her downy little pussy!

"Please," Janet whispered faintly. "I...I'm only twelve...you can't...ohhhhh!!" Rick had ignored her and forced the elastic of her uniform panties and her own tight briefs aside and had pressed two fingers against the velvet soft flesh of her vulva!

"Don't kid me," the handsome head usher panted as he pulled his hand away long enough to slide the sleeve of his tunic down over it and then sent his extended fingers back under her clothing again. "I know Newt Simpson better than anyone around here and I can promise you that he doesn't hire any chicks around here that don't put out up front!!"

Janet wanted to protest again, but the fingers had found the puffy separation of her wet little pussy lips and she gasped as they plunged in and found the stiff bud of her clitoris.

"Aggggghhh...Oooooo, he...he didn't do it to me," the trembling little girl moaned as she shook her head from side to side. "I'm a virgin. He didn't make me let him put it in!!" Janet's slim body was jerking

and rolling, Rick's expert fingers were twisting and twirling in her plump little mound sending rocket bursts of pleasure up her spine each time that her rigid love bud was mashed or brushed!!

Then one of Rick's fingers began to press against the mouth of Janet's little pussy and the girl moaned with pain and fear. "Unnngghhhh.. You're hurting me! Owwww!" She was so busy trying to roll her stinging pussy away from the older boy's finger that she didn't see his free hand as it jerked his fly open and pull his long, skinny erection into view.

The blunt tip of the boy's finger found the taut membrane that told of the groaning little girl's virginity and Rick snorted in surprise. "Christ! You were telling me the truth." His other finger was still massaging the swollen tip of Janet's little clitoris and the pleasure that she felt was mind bending!

"What did you do for him, honey? I know Simpson, he didn't let you out of that office before you made him come. What did you have to do to make him shoot his load for you?"

Janet opened her mouth, but, instead of words, all that came out was a long drawn out grunt of pleasure!! The lovely little girl's dark eyes popped open and she stared with sightless amazement at the grinning boy as he manipulated her into a jerking orgasm!!!

"Awwwuuuggghhh!! Oh,...I...huuunnnggg!!!" Janet couldn't breathe. She gasped and bucked wildly as she fought to fill her aching lungs with air, but each time, another heavy jolt of pleasure would smash through her and take her breath with it!!

"Tell me about it, honey," Rick demanded as he continued to work his finger in her. "Tell me what you did for Simpson!!"

Janet moaned, her hands crept down and gripped Rick at the wrist, pressing his hand against her squirming bottom.

"What did you do?"

"Ooohhh," Janet moaned as the intense pleasure sensations began to fade and she could breathe again. "I... used my hand!" The shaken child formed a circle with her thumb and forefinger and made an obscene shaking motion to show the boy what she'd done.

Rick shrugged and pulled the trembling child to a sitting position beside him. "I'll settle for that, kid. A hand job for starters, anyway." For the first time, Janet saw that the older boy had his pants open and she stared in dull surprise at his cock as it jerked and twitched in front of her.

The waves of her orgasm were still rippling and washing inside her and Janet didn't hesitate for a moment, wrapping her fingers around the warm, pulsating shaft of the head usher's long, rigid cock.

Rick sighed happily as Janet began to masturbate him and leaned back to give the blushing little girl's hand a free stroke up and down the long length of his erect cock.

Janet stared at Rick's big dong and shivered. She liked the feel of Rick's warm flesh against hers and enjoyed the pleased groans and sighing sounds that he made as she jacked him off. She was surprised that she didn't feel any guilt. In fact, playing with Rick's long hard-on made Janet feel excited and happy.

"That's nice, little girl," Rick sighed as he hugged Janet closer and watched her masturbate him.

His hands moved under her rocking arm and in a few moments Janet was surprised and a little shocked to feel her uniform top slacken and fall away from her heated body. It was apparent that Rick knew exactly where the snaps and zippers were, and she realized that Rick probably had undressed a lot of usherettes before! For a moment, the surprised little girl paused and wondered if she shouldn't try to get away from Rick. But then the handsome older boy slipped one of his hands under her loosened top and the feel of his warm fingers as they closed around the firm mound of her budding breast was so nice that the idea was turned to steam by the pleasure.

She moaned and shuddered when the boy's fingers found her pointed little nipples and pinched and twisted at them. The pretty child's fingers tightened around Rick's throbbing cock and she increased the speed of her stroke until her hand was only a dark blur in the dim backstage light.

Rick grunted and squeezed harder at the small globe of her forming breast. His voice sounded thick and slurred when he spoke to Janet. "Aggggghhh, keep it up, kid!" Rick stiffened and, for an exciting moment, Janet thought that he was going to come. She felt a hot, burning itch deep in the tight sheath of her untried vagina as she stared at the swollen, purplish head of the head usher's cock. "Remember that lady in the last row? Have you ever done that? - Have you ever sucked a nice hard prick?"

Janet groaned, her eyes bulged in her head, and when she thought about letting the fat glans that she was staring at in her moist little mouth, her stomach spun and shook with a mixture of disgust and excitement!!

"What's the matter, don't you want to talk about it? I saw you, honey. You were wearing out that armrest with your hot pussy when you saw that other pussy gobble that guy's cock and drink his come!!"

"Oh, don't talk like that," she pleaded. "It makes me feel...sick."

Rick laughed and hugged her tighter. His hand worked over the smooth curve of her rib cage and fastened around one of her hard little breasts again, making the girl gasp and shiver as she responded to the fierce pleasure that she experienced.

"Oh no, honey," the boy crooned as he let his fingers dance over Janet's slender young body. "Not sick... excited! You can't fool me, I saw how you jumped and wiggled when that bitch swallowed that guy's big cock!" Janet moaned and squeezed even harder at the boy's jerking, pulsating cock.

Rick groaned and shivered. Janet felt his long erection grow in her fist and she pumped even harder. She wanted to see it happen again, wanted to watch the white fountain of his come!

"You should learn," Rick gushed as he stroked Janet's trim body, making the excited girl moan and quiver as wave after delightful wave of pleasure swept over her. - "You are a pretty chick and every pretty chick should know how to slip a cock in her mouth and make her man moan when she sucks on it."

Janet whimpered. She couldn't drag her eyes away from the thick, pulpy head of Rick's throbbing cock. His words ran and echoed in her ears as she stared at the handsome usher's bloated erection.

"Ohhh, baby! I'm going to come!! Get down there and take it in your mouth!!"

Janet didn't move and she was rewarded by a hard slap against the side of her head.

"Suck it, whore! And don't you dare let a drop of it get on my uniform!!" The young head usher jerked at her and Janet, caught off balance, was pulled off the cot.

She wasn't fast enough and that earned her another slap while Rick pulled her head down toward his long cock. "Suck my cock, honey. That's what it's going to cost you to keep me from going to the boss and telling him that you won't do!!"

It wasn't fair! Janet felt herself weaken when she thought about the good that extra money would do. She began to whimper when she imagined what her friends would say when they heard that she lost her job on the first night!

"Aaahhhhh," Rick moaned when Janet relaxed and allowed his hand to push her head down to meet the bloated crown of his prick. The velvet flesh the glans slipped across her lips. - Janet shuddered and kissed it... and found that she liked the feel of his penis against her lips and the idea of taking it in her mouth made her tingle all over. She mashed her full lips against the cock and even dared flick at it with the tip of her pink little tongue.

Rick groaned and pulled her closer. Janet knew what the boy wanted and, while her sweaty fist continued its rapid up and down stroke she opened her lips and sucked the mushroom-shaped head of the prick into her saliva filled mouth!

"Agggghhh! Yeah!! Suck it. Gobble my cock, honey!" Rick's hips began to jerk and the thrilled twelve-year-old felt his ironhard erection swell and then buck hard as the first hot stream of his come shot out and clogged her mouth! Janet moaned with a twisted excitement. The thick liquid coated her teeth, clogged her throat and was threatening to squirt out of her tightly pursed lips, she had to swallow it or choke! Her throat muscles worked and then worked again as her stomach received his hot seed!

Chapter 3

As the bus came closer and closer to her stop, Janet could feel her nerves crawling under her skin. The pretty, dark little girl stared out of the window and shook her head when she thought about the things that had happened to her during the day.

"It wasn't bad of me to do that with Mr. Simpson," Janet told herself. "We need the money and I guess there was some excuse, but when Rick..." Janet shivered when she thought about the head usher. He was so strong and so exciting!

Janet's tongue worked back and forth behind her teeth. She'd rinsed her mouth out when Rick let her go, but even then, she was sure that she could still taste the boy's thick come.

"Whore! He called me that and that's what I am!" Janet shook herself and pressed her lips together in a tight, hard line. "I'm not supposed to do things like that, much less like it! What would happen if Mom found out what I did?"

She felt ashamed thinking about her mother. Julia was such a good woman, so hard working and clean. The little girl shifted uneasily, feeling a moist trickle of love juice leaking out of her plump pussy. That, and the ripples of excitement that she felt, worried her. When she got home, would her mother be able to look at her and know what she'd been doing?

She was so wrapped up in her thoughts that she almost missed her stop. Hurriedly, she jerked the bell cord and stepped off the bus. The pussy juice was still leaking out of her and made the downy folds of her puffy little pussy rub and slip as they brushed together.

It was almost midnight and Janet was worried. She hadn't been able to call her mother and tell her how late she would be and she was worried that her mother would be angry and upset. She had a whole mouthful of excuses ready when she stepped through the door, but the second that she saw the

glowing smile on her mother's pretty face and the man sitting on the couch, she realized that she wouldn't need them.

"Are you all right, darling? I was so worried, but I hoped that you were working. - Did you get the job?"

Janet heard the words, but realized with a pang that her mother wasn't really worried. The man leaning back on the couch, looking at her, had kept her busy.

"Yes, I got the job and I can make a lot of money. Mr. Simpson, he's the manager, says..." Her happy words were stilled as her mother shook her head in mock anger.

"Ohhhh, no, it's late! You slip off to bed right now, young lady! You can tell me all about your lovely job in the morning!!" Julia caught her by the arm and only paused long enough to perform a quick introduction before she steered the surprised girl out of the room. "Dave, this little waif is my daughter, Janet. - Janet, this is Mr. Henry. He works in my office. Say goodnight and slip off to bed, baby."

Before she quite realized what was happening, Janet was in her room with her mother standing at the door. - Julia had a serious look on her face. "Now, go to sleep, baby. I'll shut the connecting door. See you in the morning."

Janet stared at the closed door to her room and shook her head in wonder. It was obvious that her mother wanted to be alone with that man. For the first time in her life, the little girl realized that her mother was a human, that she got lonely - and that she needed sex!!

She was tired. Pushing her thoughts aside, Janet hurriedly stripped out of her clothes and into her night-gown. She refused to think about what was happening to her and around her. She snapped off the lamp beside her bed and felt the sleep creeping in on her before her head hit the pillow.

Something, a sound, a feeling woke her up! Janet found herself sitting upright in her bed, staring around her darkened bedroom. The little girl's heart was beating hard and her breath was coming in short, panicky bursts. At last, Janet realized that there was nothing threatening in the room and began to relax. She was ready to go back to sleep when she heard a low, wavering moan!

She felt her nerves jump under her skin and the hairs on the back of her neck lift. Janet jumped out of bed and headed for her door. That moan wasn't a dream. It was real. And it was coming from her mother's bedroom!

Janet didn't know what to expect. She couldn't imagine what would make Julia moan and whimper the way she did. She was frightened and nervous as she crept down the darkened hallway leading to her mother's bedroom. With each step she took, she could hear her mother groaning and whispering to someone.

"Aaahhhh, God! Oh, baby, I... you can't know! Ohhh, honey, it's been so long!" She recognized the sound in her mother's voice and Janet was tempted to turn around and run back to her room. But the memory of the lady in the audience taunted Janet and called to her. She felt a sweet stirring between her thighs and knew that she couldn't stop. She had to know, had to see what her mother was doing!

The door to the bedroom was partly open, and Janet found that she could see into Julia's room by pressing her eye against the crack by the hinges. The lamp over her mother's bed was on, bathing the room in a muted, pink light. Janet felt her knees shake with excitement when she saw her mother lying on her back, spread-eagled on the bed. Mr. Henry was kneeling over her and they were both naked!

Janet shuddered and slowly sank to her knees as she watched the big man work a stiff forefinger in and out of her mother's dark, hairy sex. Each time that the finger sank home, Julia would groan or gasp and shake her naked bottom. At the same time that Dave Henry used his finger to rouse and torment her, the lovely woman's clenched fist jerked and pulled on his huge, swollen cock!

Janet couldn't tear her eyes away from the prick that her mother was so lovingly stroking. The head of the penis was so big that it made Janet's stomach twist and turn, it was an angry, dark purple, and in its one blind eye, she could see thick drops of clear liquid seeping out and drooling over her fingers.

Without thinking, the little girl's own fingers crept up under her shorty night-gown, then slipped under the elastic waistband of the bottoms. It felt nice when she ran her hand down over the soft curve of her belly and then pressed her fingers against the fatty flesh that covered her downy little mound.

While her mother gasped and whispered to the strange man, the little girl pressed one of her fingers between the puffy lips of her pussy and wiggled it around, wetting it in the slick, clear oil of her love juice. Janet still stared at Mr. Henry's big, hairy cock and when she caught herself wondering what it would taste like and how it would feel as it slipped into her open mouth she had to press her free hand against her mouth to keep from squealing out loud.

"In me," Julia panted as she pulled at the naked man. "Please, Dave, I need it inside me!" The handsome man chuckled and shook his head. Julia moaned and tried again to pull him on top of her naked, writhing body. "Please! Take me, Dave!"

"You're not ready yet," Dave whispered, a large grin creasing his face. "You'll have to work if you want it, Julia. You made me wait for a long time, now it's your turn."

Mr. Henry was smiling as he said it and pulled his finger out of Janet's mother's pussy. Julia moaned as she tried to arch her body up off the bed to follow it. The grinning man caught a handful of the poor

woman's thick, curly, dark hair and jerked, pulling her up until her thick, soft lips were pressed against the wet tip of his hard, throbbing cock.

Janet knew what was coming. She felt her whole body begin to glow with excitement and she pressed her little finger so deep in the tight grip of her love sheath that the tip pressed painfully against her tightly stretched hymen.

Mr. Henry laughed softly when her mother whimpered and Janet pressed closer to the door and strained to hear every word that he hissed at her. "Get on it, honey! I can tell that you want to suck it! Wrap those lips around my cock and suck it. Earn the taking that you are begging for!"

A tiny moan of sympathy escaped Janet when she saw her mother blush and wiggle. Mr. Henry jerked at her hair and her lips went slack and allowed the head of the penis to slip past them and enter her mouth.

Janet's own mouth fell open and a small, rippling orgasm rumbled through her. Julia gasped and mumbled, her words muffled by the thick post of flesh that stuffed her mouth. Even as she jiggled her finger back and forth over her stiff little clitoris, Janet knew that all she had to do was keep on going and she could come again!

"I was right," Dave Henry whispered as he forced her mother's head to bob back and forth on the head of his prick. Even across the room, Janet could hear the smacking sounds that Julia's mouth was making as she struggled to swallow all of the thick probe.

The shaken twelve-year-old remembered the strange, slick feeling of Rick's cock as it slid back and forth over her tongue and wondered if that sensation pleased her mother as much as it had her. Julia was moaning and making small protest sounds while she pursed her lips tight around the thick shaft of the man's big prick and sucked. But Janet noticed that, at the same time, her hips were making a slow, revolving motion and her hands were slowly moving around his muscular thighs and pulling him closer as she meekly serviced his throbbing erection.

"Oooooo, yeah. You can't fool me, darling," Mr. Henry breathed. His head fell back and his eyes closed while he smiled. "You know how to give head! Someone took a lot of time with you and taught you how to suck cock like a dream!"

He was right! Janet trembled as she watched the expert way that her mother twisted her head and pressed forward, jamming another two fat inches of cock in her mouth. The whole scene was more than Janet could stand. The pretty child sighed softly and wiggled her own trim little bottom when she realized what she was seeing. Never again could she look at her mother as the calm, serene person who was so much under control that nothing could ever really touch her.

Julia mumbled something. Her pelvis was jerking and Janet gasped with shock and Dave laughed when the beautiful woman's hand crept down over her belly and a finger dipped deep and straight into the fleshy crease of her sex.

"Is it good? Is that how you've been making it? Do you sneak off a few times a day and finger yourself, baby?"

Julia's thighs were spread wide and Janet could see the deep pink flesh of her mother's inner membranes as they flashed and glistened in the light. Julia never stopped sucking while she fingered herself. Janet could hear the rasping, vibrating sounds that her mother's mouth made as she shamelessly sucked and nursed on the handsome man's prick.

"Do you really need it? Do you want my cock inside you, baby?" Julia's nodded her head and hugged the man even tighter than before.

Dave groaned happily when he used his grip in Julia's hair to pull her sucking lips away from the head of his big dong. Janet gasped softly and excitedly pinched at her firm little clit when she saw how much larger and darker his glans looked after her mother had mouthed it. "Roll over, honey. I'll take care of you. I'll take you until you'll think that you're dying!"

Janet's frilly shorty bottoms were in her way and, while she watched her lovely, naked mother eagerly roll over on her belly then pull herself up until she knelt on all fours before the man, she pulled them down.

"That's exactly right," Dave chuckled as he moved in behind Julia. "Now I know for sure that somewhere, sometime, some smart stud had his hands on you and taught you how to please a man!"

Julia moaned and shook her bottom, making the fleshy cheeks of her ass quiver and tremble as she offered herself up to him.

It was shocking and terrible, but Janet knew in her heart that Dave was right. Her mother, her cool, sophisticated mother, was no stranger to this sort of thing and it was even more apparent that she wanted it so badly that she would do anything to get it again!

Janet's panties were down to her knees. The pretty child had hiked her gown up over her waist and was shamelessly wiggling her near naked body as her small finger wormed its way in and out of her puffy, pouting pussy. It was naughty but it felt sooo good!

Julia whimpered as the big man press his naked body against her raised bottom and fit the bloated tip of his prick between the smooth cheeks of her shapely ass.

Suddenly, the little girl realized that the man was going to force his big rammer into the wrong place. Janet knew about sodomy, she knew that people sometimes used the wrong place to make love, and she'd always feared the idea before. But, when Janet saw the thick, discolored head of Dave Henry's big dong move between her mother's buttocks, she was shocked to feel a sharp, twisting sensation in her own puckered anal opening.

Julia knelt at an angle and Janet could see every move of the hard cock as it pressed closer to her trembling mother's bottom. Julia moaned as the big prick located the darker, black rosette of her anus and slowly pushed its way through the tight muscle.

"Aarrrggghhh," Julia groaned when the saliva-coated shaft of Dave's cock followed the enlarged head of his cock into her tight anal pussy. "Go slow, darling, oooo, it feels so big! Go slow. Don't hurt me with your big, fat cock!" The words meant one thing, but Janet could hear something else in the tone of her mother's voice. It was as if Julia wanted him to hurt her, wanted Dave to split her in half with his huge cock and was giving him the needed invitation to do it!

"Oh yes, you're so tight it makes it feel even bigger! You like it big, don't you, Julia? You want me to fill this tight little back-door of yours with meat, don't you?"

There was loving smile on the handsome man's face. Janet saw Dave's fingers sink into the soft flesh of her mother's waist and pull her back to meet the hard bulk of his big spear.

"Oooowwwaaahhh!" Julia's shapely body vibrated.

Janet shuddered as the thick inches of the man's prick were forced into her mother's body and she felt her own hard little clitoris swell until it hurt.

"Unnnggghhhh," Julia moaned. "You're tearing me! Ohhh, God, arrrggghhh!"

Julia's head fell, her hair covered her face as she began to slowly shake it back and forth. Janet moaned softly and pressed even harder at the thin barrier that kept her finger out of the moist, twisting pit of her own virginal love slot. The lovely little girl felt her flesh crawl as she inched even closer to the door and watched her mother's large, firm breasts swing and slap against each other. Janet was especially drawn to the long, thick fingers of her mother's nipples as they stood out dark and swollen from the smooth curves of her breasts. For a reason that she didn't understand, Janet wished that she was in the room with them. And what was worse and more disturbing, she wished that she was lying beneath those swaying globes and could take them in her mouth and suck and suck on them like she used to do when she was a baby!

Dave grunted and moaned. He thrust and slammed himself at Julia and the sound of his lean belly slapping against her mother's fleshy ass cheeks excited Janet. The lovely little girl groaned softly and wiggled her finger in the wet, slippery mouth of her pussy. Her sore little clit burned and stung, but the pleasure that she felt was so much stronger than the pain that she didn't consider stopping.

"Shake your ass, woman," Dave groaned as he drove himself into Julia's stretched rectum. "Roll you hips and make your back-pussy eat my cock!"

Janet saw that Julia liked it and did as she was told, moaning out loudly!

Dave grinned, and whispered, "Easy, Julia, don't yell! You'll wake your kid and you wouldn't want her to see you getting stuffed like this, would you?" Julia squealed and frantically began to shake as her climax caught her and she wailed and cried.

"Aaaaiiieee! Oooooo, come! Please, Dave, come in my tight hole, come fill me up!" Janet began to tremble, her own small body took on a glow and she had to bite down hard on her knuckle to keep from screaming out loud as she had an orgasm, too!

"Oooooo, Mama, how could you? How...aaaaiiieee!!!" A trickle of juice wet her fingers and the shaking little girl didn't know if it was love juice or pee, or both. All she knew was that it was lovely to wiggle and twist as she dreamed of a cock of her very own!

Chapter 4

Janet slowly shook her head and hugged herself as she stepped down from her bus and stood on the street corner. She needed a few minutes to gather her thoughts. Janet felt like her whole world had turned upside down and she was lost. There were no familiar bases to touch, any more.

It had been so hard to talk to Julia this morning. Janet felt like crying when she remembered how she'd stared at her mother as if she'd never seen her before in her life. "Well, that's the way it is, isn't it? I've never seen her do things like that before. I never even thought that she knew about things like that!"

The twelve-year-old felt a dull resentment inside her when she thought about Julia. She felt cheated and lied to, as if her mother had been playing a game with her all these years. Janet knew that Julia was only human, but when she thought about her mother, all she could see was her twisted face and hear

again the guttural groans and snorts of delight that she made as Dave's big prick slid in and out of her bowels!

Janet was tense and uneasy. She could feel that silky, twisting feeling in her belly. It never seemed to go away any more. It was with her all the time and only became stronger when she thought about the naughty things that she'd done and seen in the past two days.

Looking up, Janet saw the big clock on the jewelry shop and realized that she would be late if she didn't hurry. She forced her doubts out of her mind and began to scurry down the sidewalk toward the Majestic. - Mr. Simpson had promised her extra money if she would come in early today and help and extra money was the only thing on her mind when she slipped in the back door of the theatre.

John Simpson sat on one of the large couches in the lobby. When he saw Janet, the theatre manager checked his watch and nodded his head. "Right on time. I like that, Janet."

The little girl looked down. She just couldn't bring herself to look the man in the eye. From the first second that she came in she felt that twisting sensation grow stronger than ever and no matter what she did, she found herself thinking about his big penis!

"What should I do first, Mr. Simpson?" Janet asked in a faint voice. The manager chuckled and looked around him. At first, Janet didn't understand. Then, when she followed his gaze, she began to catch his meaning. The candy counter was stocked and ready to go, the carpets had been vacuumed, and without having to look, she knew that the auditorium would be clean and ready.

"I...I thought that I was supposed to come in and help you this morning," Janet stammered. "Did I make a mistake?"

John Simpson was smiling as he stood up. The slender little girl watched the man coming closer to her and was ashamed when she realized that her knees were shaking.

"No, you didn't make a mistake, honey," the man said quietly as he slipped his hand under Janet's thick, curly hair and caressed her slender arched neck. "I wanted you to come early for another reason."

Janet shivered and couldn't resist the sudden impulse to move closer to Mr. Simpson.

"I wanted to be alone with you so we could get to know each other better and to have some time to tell you about some other ways that I have for you to make extra money. A lot of extra money."

The plump, down-covered lips of her small pussy grew hot and firm and Janet could feel them swell apart, letting a few drops of her slick lube leak out of her and wet the form-fitting crotch of her panties. The twelve-year-old knew full well what he meant when he said he wanted them to "know each other better" and she was interested.

They didn't speak as they walked up the stairs that led to John's office. The man kept his arm around the little girl's shoulders and their legs brushed and touched as they walked. From time to time, Janet peeked sideways at the front of Mr. Simpson's slacks and the large, growing bulge that she saw there made her feel all soft and melty inside.

Other than holding her close to him, Mr. Simpson made no other move to touch Janet until they were safely inside his office and his door was locked tight. John turned and found Janet standing in the middle of the room staring at him with her large dark eyes.

Mr. Simpson took her by the hand and led Janet to a couch and they sat. The man was confident and took his time, one arm slipped behind his shoulders and his free hand casually dropped down on Janet's bare knee. To distract her, John began to speak softly in her ear.

"Did you think about what we did yesterday?" He didn't give Janet a chance to answer before he went on. "I'll bet you did. I'll bet that it still makes you feel wet and funny when you remember how good it felt when I put my fingers in you."

His hand had crept up her bare thigh. The little girl watched it. The strange, sideways way that it moved reminded her of a big, warm spider. The twelve-year-old child trembled when the hand slipped out of view under her short skirt, but she didn't say a word. She didn't make a move to pull away from him. When John's hand pressed in between her thighs, Janet sighed and obediently spread them, opening the way for him to press against the fat outline of her moist little pussy.

"I've been thinking about you," the theatre manager sighed as he cupped her mound and gave it a gentle squeeze. "It makes me feel good when I remember how nice it felt to have you play with my prick."

She couldn't help it. Janet was already staring at the big outline of his cock as it strained against his fly and when he began to talk about it, her small hands darted out and pressed against it!

"I knew it! I knew that you were just the girl I've been looking for around here," John sighed happily. "If you'll just do what I say you can have a lot of fun and make good money, too. You can work a few mornings a week when our Film Club meets and after that...well, I'll tell you about that when you're ready for it."

It was so nice. Janet wriggled happily and spread her slim legs farther apart. Her fingers pressed and explored the bulge of John's big dong all the way from his heavy balls to the mushroom-shaped head.

She liked this, all she had to do was relax and respond to the knowing touch of Mr. Simpson's hands. Each time that he touched her, it made Janet feel even better and the pleasure blotted out her worries and those awful thoughts she had about her mother.

Slowly, John's hand crept up over her stomach, Janet sighed and wiggled. She liked his touch, liked to grind the firm cheeks of her bottom against the couch. The waistband of her panties was hooked and he began to pull them down. The silky material brushed against her flesh and Janet lifted her wiggling bottom off of the seat long enough for him to peel her panties down to her knees.

A thick finger slowly, gently pressed into the tight throat of her baby pussy, making Janet gasp and jerk her pelvis high to give him more room. "Do you like that, baby? Does it make you feel good when I play with you?"

"Oooooo, yes, Mr. Simpson," Janet cooed. Her fingers dug into the material of his slacks and tried to close around his throbbing hardon. "It makes me feel goooood!"

John chuckled softly and pulled Janet toward him for a second. The trembling little girl felt the zipper at the back of her top being pulled down and moaned when the tips of his fingers brushed down the length of her naked backbone. - "I'm glad," John whispered as he pulled the loosened top down over Janet's slim shoulders, then tossed it aside. "I wanted you to enjoy this. That's why I had you come in early, so we could take all the time we need to make you feel extra good!"

Janet felt shy when the man stared at the small mounds of her budding breasts but the shyness faded when he gently pressed against them with his hand and tweaked each pointed, dark little nub.

Next came the skirt. Mr. Simpson lifted her up on his lap, unzipped her short skirt, pulling it down as he lifted her. Janet shivered, all she wore were her long, shin-high white socks and black shiny shoes.

"You're pretty," John breathed as he stroked the naked little girl. "I like pretty girls like you." He dipped his head and caught one of Janet's firm little breasts in her mouth.

The little brunette shuddered and sighed happily when the man sucked the whole of her tiny breast into his mouth, using his wet tongue to lash back and forth over the nipple.

At the same time that he sucked and kissed each apple-sized breast, Mr. Simpson's other hand was working between her legs. Janet spread them wide, lifting one thigh and letting her other leg dangle down over his knee and point at the floor. The pretty twelve-year-old shuddered and began to make a thrusting, jerking motion with her pelvis as a knowing finger twirled and flexed in her and opened her, smearing her slippery juice over her legs and stomach.

Janet could feel John's big stalk pressing up against her tingling bottom and all she could think about was the way that her mother had groaned and shuddered when Mr. Henry pushed his big thing into her. Could she stand it? Did she dare let Mr. Simpson do a thing like that to her?

It wasn't really up to Janet. The handsome theatre manager had a plan of his own and there was no way that the little girl could resist him, even if she wanted to.

"Wait a second, honey," Mr. Simpson finally muttered as he lifted the naked girl off of his lap and sat her beside him. John leaned forward and undid his tie and his white shirt. In seconds, the startled little girl found herself staring at the man's tight, fully filled shorts. They were all that he wore, the only thing that kept the warm flesh of his body away from hers.

Janet trembled, she'd never been naked with anyone, not even Dickie and she was frightened. But fright alone wasn't enough to kill the rising desire and excitement that ran through her and the slim little girl reached out and unsnapped the man's shorts, freeing his heavy, erect cock!

"Does it make you feel good to squeeze my cock? Do you like to play with it and make me come for you?"

Mr. Simpson's naughty question rattled and echoed in Janet's head, but the girl didn't really mind, concentrating on the thick, heavily veined shaft of his penis, watching the way that his silky flesh rippled and moved away from her knuckles when she ran her hand up and down its thrilling length.

John pulled her forward, his big hand slid down over Janet's naked back until he could press his fingers in between her buttocks and hook her tight little pussy from the rear. The dark little girl moaned, it felt so good!

Janet found herself drawn forward until she lay almost face down across the naked man's middle. She'd managed to keep her grip on this pulsating staff and was happily rubbing it as he aroused her from the rear. The head of the big cock was rubbing against her chin and her cheek, and her thoughts crept back to Rick and the way that his prick had fit into her mouth so that when she felt the pressure of Mr. Simpson's hand against the back of her head, she knew just what was expected of her.

Janet moaned softly when Mr. Simpson twirled his big finger in her bubbling little pussy in an effort to encourage her. The little girl wiggled and bent her head, letting her pouting lips brush hard against the slick, glans of the cock that she held in her fist. John Simpson groaned and pressed his finger deeper into her naked pussy.

"You know about that, eh? Who taught you to suck cock, honey? Who took a pretty little baby like you and taught him how to give him a blow job?"

Janet didn't want to answer, she didn't dare. And there was only one way she could think of to keep from answering. Before the groaning theatre manager could force her to talk to him, Janet formed a tight oval with her large soft lips and pressed the elastic oval down the hot, pulpy head of his upthrust cock!

Mr. Simpson gasped, his hips lifted, catching Janet by surprise and jamming almost half his throbbing prick into her mouth. The child coughed and bucked when she felt her throat blocked and realized she couldn't breathe. But before she could panic, John pulled Janet's head up and taught her how to hold just the head of his bloated cock and its steel-hard shoulders in her mouth.

"Ummmm, that's good, kid," the manager sighed as he used his hands to guide the little girl's head up and down in his lap. "Work your tongue around the underside...Ohhhh, yes! Press right here....hummmm."

She liked this better. Rick had been rougher with her and she'd been frightened but John was gentle and his moans and groans of pleasure excited her and made her proud that she could please him. The lovely child groaned and mumbled, her naked body wriggled and pressed against his and she loved the way that his hairy thighs scratched and rubbed against the swollen and well-sucked nipples of her budding breasts.

Mr. Simpson's big hand was still between her thighs and the little girl shook with delight when he inserted another finger in her stretched pussy then used his grip to gently lift her and force her to pull her knees up under her a little, elevating her shaking bottom.

He'd managed to press the two fingers so deep in her tight love channel that they were stretching her hymen and she wished that it would break so she could feel them deep inside her. A slick drool of love juice was flowing out of her and the excited little girl whimpered with pleasure when John wet his thumb in it and began to press hard against the exposed pucker of her black-rimmed little anus.

Janet snorted and groaned as the lubricated finger popped past her tight sphincter muscle and entered her ass. - There was pain, but it wasn't much. Not nearly so powerful as the strange, different sort of pleasure that she felt as the thick thumb pushed deeper and deeper.

The girl's head bobbed faster and faster, some of her saliva escaping her pursed lips and running down the shaft. He groaned and continued to use his free hand to guide her and teach her the delicious art of cock sucking.

Finally, he couldn't stand it any longer and pulled the gasping little girl's mouth away from his throbbing erection and pulled her up onto his lap.

Janet moaned when the three fingers were pulled out of her bottom and the thick, satisfying head of the man's prick was jerked away from her lips but she didn't have any time to protest as he lifted her and forced her down on his lap, facing him, her slim thighs spread wide on either side of his own.

"Oggghhhh, you almost made me come, honey," John moaned as he pulled the startled little girl forward and kissed her, jamming his tongue deep into her mouth as he did.

A wild sense of excitement was rumbling inside her, Janet's naked body was jerking and screaming for the release she'd been cheated of. The pretty dark little girl could feel his hard, slick penis pressing against the fat lips of her pussy and she found that by rocking her hips she could make the shaft rub against her sparsely haired lips and mash hard against her hard, protruding clitoris.

Mr. Simpson's big hands slipped under her and cupped Janet's trim little bottom. The naked girl sighed as his fingers squeezed and mauled her bouncy cheeks. But when he began to lift her, she began to tremble with a mixture of fear and desire.

"I'm going to put it in you now, Janet," Mr. Simpson breathed in her ear. "Are you afraid?"

Janet moaned and hugged him tightly. She could feel his hard prick dragging across the velvet-smooth flesh of her inner thighs, leaving a wet, slick trail of juice as it blindly sought the small opening of her virgin pussy.

"Yessss," the lovely little girl admitted. "Is it going to hurt me?"

The man chuckled a little and hugged her in return before he answered.

"A little, baby, just a little at first, but afterward...ohhh, after that, it's going to be so good you can't imagine!"

She was still afraid, but an image of her mother popped into the excited little girl's head. Janet could remember the look of longing on Julia's face, a look that changed to joy and pleasure when Dave finally rammed his big thing through her anus. Janet knew that she had to have it, somewhere inside her there was a longing, a need to feel it and no amount of fear or pain could stop her!

She didn't need to say a word, Janet simply rolled her hips forward and pressed the swollen lips of her wet little love groove against the head of Mr. Simpson's big dong. The man gasped and groaned as the soft mouth of her baby pussy kissed his cock head.

"That's my baby," Mr. Simpson moaned softly. He pushed her back a little and Janet could watch as he used one hand to center the head of his big cock under her puffy vulva. "Now go slow. Sit down on it a little at a time, honey. I don't want to hurt you, I want you to love this!"

Her insides had melted and drained away. Janet felt light-headed and giddy as she did as she was told and lowered her trebling, naked body onto the cock. She could see everything and it added an extra sense of pleasure to be able to see the purplish head of the penis spread the pink inner lips of her pussy apart and disappear into her tight little pussy.

Janet gasped and shivered, a moan of pain trying to tear its way out of her open mouth and she clenched her jaw hard to keep it inside. Little ripples of pleasure and pain met and mixed along her nervous system until Janet wasn't certain that she could tell them apart. The firm knob of the man's big prick was fully inserted in the stretched throat of her vagina and was slowly entering her body. Suddenly afraid it would hurt too much after all, Janet whimpered and she tried to pull herself off of the spear of flesh that was inching its way into her flat little belly.

"Shhh, it's going to be all right, honey," Mr. Simpson whispered in her ear. "Don't worry, don't be frightened. I won't hurt you." His voice calmed her a little and the feel of his strong hands moving up and down her back soothed the child and she stopped struggling. "Relax, don't go tense because that will only make it harder for us," John whispered.

She tried, she really did, and she forced the muscles of her belly and between her splayed thighs to unlock.

John's fingers tightened under her and pulled the pert, high riding cheeks of the child's bottom apart, helping make room for his thick dong as it slowly forced its way into her. He stopped when he felt his glans butt hard against the elastic membrane that blocked Janet's virgin love sheath and waited.

Janet knew what was happening, too, and winced when she felt her hymen stretch and fight to keep the big cock out. They both stopped moving, allowing her body to grow accustomed to the feel of him inside her.

Mr. Simpson must have known how nervous she was because he was very gentle with her. Janet sighed happily when he paused to suck at her small breasts and lightly tickled the tightly closed opening to her anal canal.

"You'll have to help me, baby," John sighed and taught Janet to twist her hips and make the knob of his throbbing cock turn and pull inside her. Each time she moved, it felt better. Janet could feel the hard flesh of the shaft brushing lightly against her swollen lovebud and the flames of desire consumed her fears and gave her a fresh wave of courage.

"Oooohhhh, it feels so big," Janet moaned as she pressed her body down on the man's prick. "It feels like ... awwwggghhh!" Janet stopped moving and stiffened but it was already too late! The dark little twelve-year-old felt her thin membrane rip and the swollen head of his prick slide deeper into the slick, waiting grip of her virginal pussy!!

"Ummmm, soooo tight and warm." Mr. Simpson moaned as he began to thrust gently in Janet. Each time the big cock backed off a bit and slipped back in, she would groan but gradually the groans of discomfort turned to moans of pleasure and in minutes he had Janet twisting and rolling her hips and bouncing up and down on his hard prick.

"Oooohh, I ... I do like it," Janet panted. Impulsively the little girl kissed him.

When he lifted her until only the flanged head of his cock was still in her before he relaxed and let the lovely, naked girl drop back on his cock, taking all of it in one long plunge, Janet's eyes and flew open and she yelped a little, "Ooohhhh ... do it like that again! Oh ... Ohhhh!!! It's going to ... ohhh ... aaaaiiieeee!!"

She was coming!

Janet called out, her small hands clenched and dug her nails into John's shoulders while she forced her stretched, full little pussy to dance and pound against his lap. The man grinned and then gasped himself when the friction of her tight little slit seemed to suck his come from his balls.

"Aaaggghhh ... I'm coming too, honey!" Janet gasped then moaned when she felt a hot gush of come fill her and soak her stinging little pussy with a thick coat of slick semen and all she could do was squeal and work faster as she tried to pump all of his hot load into herself.

"Oooooo, harder!" The lovely dark little girl cooed in the panting man's ear. "Do it harder for me!!" John Simpson groaned and then laughed happily when he felt her small pussy tighten around his wilting cock and fight to keep it hard and stuffed deep inside her.

Chapter 5

"What's the matter with you, chick? Come back here with me and we can have some fun."

Janet made a small whimpering sound and twisted free of Rick's hand. The pretty dark girl stared at the head usher for a moment. She was tired and sore and the idea of going behind the screen with him didn't appeal to her at all.

"No! I... I don't want to do that," Janet hissed. Before the surprised head usher could answer her, she'd spun around and was hurrying up the main aisle. The movie would be over in a few minutes and she'd be able to get away from the Majestic!

She'd barely made it into the lobby when another thought stopped Janet dead in her tracks. When the movie let out, where could she go? Janet was sure that Mr. Henry would be with her mother if she went home and she didn't feel up to seeing her mother with a man again!

The nervous little girl was so lost in thought that she didn't see Grace Borden coming up behind her. - Janet gasped and jumped when Grace stepped behind her and placed a hand on her shoulder.

"Hey! Take it easy, I didn't mean to frighten you."

Janet began to tremble and before she could stop herself she started to cry.

Instantly Grace went to her and cuddled Janet in her arms. The slender twelve-year-old shuddered when the older girl's large breasts pressed against her face but she felt so warm and safe like this that she couldn't bring herself to try to get away.

"Honey, are you all right? What happened?"

"Ohhhh, Mrs. Borden... I... I'm so confused!!" It gushed out of her as she let it all out. She was so distraught and ashamed that she couldn't look the older woman in the eyes. She pressed her tear stained face against Grace's pillowy globes and told her every exciting detail of what had happened to her since she walked into the Majestic looking for a job. When she was finished she felt the blonde hug her tighter.

"Awwww, honey," Grace said in a soft voice. "You've really been put through the mill, haven't you?" Grace paused for a few seconds, then she led Janet to a stool behind the candy counter. "You stay here with me until closing, then we'll decide what we're going to do with you."

Janet felt better. She still couldn't bring herself to meet the older woman's eyes, but she felt safe and protected with her near.

Rick closed and locked the front doors after the last patron. He turned and looked like he was going to say something to Janet but Grace stepped between them and must have given him a warning look because he just sneered and walked away, leaving them alone.

"All right, let's get organized," Grace said with a smile as she snapped out the lights and cleaned out the popcorn machine. "Do you want me to take you home or... would you like to spend the night with me?"

Janet was taken by surprise. She didn't know what to say and her shock must have been apparent on her face because Grace grinned and explained. "I just thought that you could tell your mother you were staying with a girl who works here. It wouldn't be a lie and that way you could get away from home and get a chance to calm down a little."

There was no traffic and Grace was able to speed down the streets as they headed for her apartment. Janet felt a small, flickering flame of anger and resentment still burning inside her whenever she thought about her quick conversation with her mother.

"She doesn't care about me anymore! She jumped at the chance to get rid of me for a night," the little girl told herself. "All she wants to do is ball all night and not have me to bother her!"

Janet wasn't exactly certain why she was angry. She was relieved that she wouldn't have to go home tonight, but still she wished that her mother had shown a little more concern. Janet wished that Julia hadn't been so eager to get rid of her like that.

"Well, here we are, darling. Sit down and relax." Grace smiled and motioned toward a couch. "I'll get some fresh towels so you can have a nice, long, soothing shower."

Janet was surprised. Grace didn't live in an apartment but in a small, secluded bungalow in a heavily landscaped park. She didn't know what she had expected, but she was impressed by how nice the little house looked and how expensive and tasteful the furnishings were. Janet was still looking around the room when she heard footsteps and looked up to see Grace, dressed in a bathrobe, waiting for her.

The older girl's voice sounded deeper and softer when she spoke again. "Come on. A hot shower can do wonders for the kind of soreness that you have."

Janet slowly got to her feet and joined Grace in the doorway. She began to relax the second they passed through the door to the bathroom. The lights were soft, the room was painted a muted pink, and the total effect was warm and soothing.

Grace slipped an arm around Janet's shoulders and began to talk quietly to her as she undressed her. "Poor baby, you're so young. You shouldn't have had to deal with men like Newt Simpson or that junior stud Rick for a few years yet."

The top of her uniform was loose now but relaxing under the healing flow of words, Janet hardly noticed it was being removed.

"Ohhhh, look at you! You're just a baby," Grace sighed. "He bruised your pretty little nubbins!"

The blonde stood so close that her perfume filled Janet's head, dulling her response when a warm, gentle hand cupped and fondled her firm, pointed cupcake-sized breasts. "Men are rough, honey. You

just can't expect anything else from them," Grace whispered and Janet shivered when the woman's expert fingers found her black nipple buds and twisted and tweaked them into hard little points.

"A pretty baby like you should be treated lovingly," Grace sighed. She unzipped the uniform skirt and let it fall down over Janet's slim hips. "You should have someone who can love you and make you feel happy... there aren't many men who know how to do that for a girl."

Janet knew that something was wrong, but she felt so relaxed and limp that she couldn't make her mind tell her what it was. She felt like a little child when Grace turned her around and knelt to pull both her uniform and panties down. She made no move to cover her naked sex. Grace gently pushed her backward and the pretty blackhaired girl sat down on the toilet cover and lifted one leg and then the other while the blonde pulled her panties down over her shoes and then removed the shoes.

Janet was naked and she knew that Grace was staring at her, but somehow it didn't make her feel threatened. The older girl fiddled with the shower knobs until the water was just right.

The soothing touch of the water jets hit Janet's face and her shoulders, sending cascades of warm water down her slim body. It felt so nice that Janet began to smile. The glass shower door clicked and Janet looked up just in time to see Grace shrug out of her robe and step into the shower beside her. It all seemed so natural that Janet didn't mind when the blonde took the soap and washcloth.

Janet peeked at Grace out of the corner of her eye. The blonde's large breasts were firm and round with only the faintest hint of a sag. Grace's belly was softly rounded and between her thighs grew a prolific, thick patch of dark but natural blonde hair, stretching well down her full, rounded inner thighs.

Grace put the soap back in the dish and moved closer to wash Janet's shoulders and down her slim back. As she did, the stiff, darkened flesh of the older girl's nipples brushed against Janet, tracing invisible circles on the little girl's wet, soapy flesh.

"You really are pretty," Grace sighed as she worked the soapy cloth down Janet's back. "Someday you'll be a beautiful woman. But even now you are a lovely little thing."

Janet blushed but still smiled. It made her feel good to know that this attractive adult thought that she was pretty. The wash cloth was working back and forth over her firm, high riding, buttocks and Janet was still thinking about what Grace had said when she felt Grace work her way between the fleshy cheeks.

"Did either of them hurt you here?"

The question caught her off stride and Janet shuddered when she felt a soapy finger press against the tight crinkly opening to her rectum.

"Newt didn't already put his big cock in your sweet little ass, did he?"

The soft, soothing atmosphere of the room changed and Janet began to tremble, a small groan escaping her when she felt Grace's soap lubricated finger slide past the frantic grip of her anus and into her heated rectum!!

"Shhh, don't be frightened," Grace pleaded with her. The woman wiggled her finger inside Janet's ass and her free hand pressed against the little girl's belly, holding her in place. - "I won't hurt you the way they did. I know how to make all the pain and the worry go away. Just relax and let me show you, Janet, OK!"

Grace's soapy hand slid down until it cupped the whole of Janet's mound with its sparse covering of curly black downy hairs. Instantly the beautiful little girl felt a ripple of delighted response and her suddenly tensed muscles began to soften and turn to butter.

The blonde was pressing against her. Their naked bodies were wet and soapy, exciting Janet as they rubbed and wiggled against each other. Grace moaned happily and pressed one of her fingers between the fat lips of Janet's dark, downy slit. The little girl gasped and shook. The woman now had fingers in her front and rear and she had to pull herself up on her tiptoes to keep from being totally impaled on them.

"Oooooo, Mrs....I mean Grace...don't...ohhh!!" She couldn't help herself. The wiggling and touching was more than she could ignore and the lovely little girl found herself clutching the naked woman and pressing her slippery body against hers.

Grace chuckled and kissed the shocked little girl on the lips while her fingers danced and twisted in her tight openings. "It feels nice, doesn't it, honey? I knew you'd like it. All you had to do was feel it and I knew you'd like my kind of loving. Come with me, little lover," Grace moaned as she edged toward the door. Finally the excited blonde was forced to gently pull her fingers out of Janet's ass and tight pussy to shut off the water and grab a large, fluffy towel.

Janet was tingling all over when Grace dropped to her knees and began to blot away the drops of water that covered Janet's flawless tender flesh. The naked little girl made a mewling sound when the handsome woman kissed then licked at her small breasts while she dried her slim thighs and bottom.

Grace didn't pause to dry herself. She caught Janet by the hand and almost ran to her bedroom!

Janet felt herself being picked up then laid out on a wide bed. The covers had been pulled down and she loved the feel of freshly washed sheets against her naked body.

Grace sighed as she slowly lay down beside Janet. When she reached out to touch her, the little girl could see Grace's hand shake with excitement. "Just stay with me," the older girl said. "I won't be mean to you the way that John and Ricky were. I'll make you feel soooo good."

Janet couldn't believe what was happening. She'd heard about women who liked to make love to other women but she'd never really believed it. Until now. The strangest thing was that now that she was over the first surprise, she was enjoying it!

"Do you like me? Do I look pretty to you, Janet?" Grace lay pressed against the little girl's side. She was propped up on one elbow and it was easy for her to lean forward and press one of her ivory white breasts against the child's soft lips. "Kiss it for me! Show me that you like me and I'll do things for you that you won't believe!!"

A funny trembling sensation shook her, but Janet didn't hesitate. She opened her lips and began to gently suck and pull on her new friend's thick, stiff nipple.

"Ummmm, that's perfect," the blonde breathed. Grace began a slow, deliberate circular caress with her open palm, letting it lightly brush over Janet's flesh. Janet shivered when the palm grazed her own tingling nipples and she sucked even harder at the warm breast. She used both her hands to pull it up to her lips and help her suck even more of it into her mouth.

The hand moved in an ever downward spiral and by the time that the outstretched tips of Grace's fingers touched the swelling of her puffy vulva, Janet had spread her legs wide, lifting and splaying them in an innocently obscene attitude of invitation.

"Aah, you're already wet," Grace cooed happily. "you greedy little devil! You're wet and making my fingers slippery and sticky!" The fingers drew back from her pussy and Janet watched with breathless excitement as the blonde brought her fingers to her lips and sucked them clean.

A new, stronger sense of excitement and desire swept through the girl. Her hands moved down over the naked woman's hip and belly until her small fingers could twine and explore in the thick patch of pubic curls hiding her mature sex from view.

Grace moaned and hugged Janet tight for a moment, letting the little girl poke a clumsy finger deep into her own soaked pussy. Then the attractive blonde pushed the little girl away.

Janet was surprised. She didn't understand what Grace wanted until the older woman's hands pulled and tugged at her and guided her until she was sitting astride her chest. Her firm little ass mashed the woman's fleshy breasts flat as she wiggled with excitement.

"I'll make the sting go away," Grace whispered as she stared up at the excited girl. Grace's hands caught each cheek of Janet's bottom and jerked her closer. Close enough to be able to thrust her red, wet tongue directly between the fleshy lips of the downy little vulva when she raised her head slightly!

"Agghh!! Oh, you...you shouldn't do that," the shocked child gasped. "That's nasty and dirty, you shouldn't ... unnnggghhhh!!"

The little girl squealed as the older girl's tongue dove into the sore neck of her vagina and lifted her pelvis to get a clearer view of the blonde's extended tongue as it spread the plump lips of her pussy and lapped and twisted in her.

Each time the tip of Grace's searching tongue found the firm nub of her love knot, Janet would groan and wiggle, the bouncy cheeks of her little ass would rub against the big breasts beneath her, and she realized that she had never been so excited in her life!! But the excitement wasn't over yet. Grace had another thrill in store for her, a thrill that turned Janet's whirling mind to putty and killed the last traces of resistance that she might have clung to.

The handsome woman's hands were still pulling Janet forward. They lifted and pushed at the same time rocking the slim little girl up on her knees and leaving the trembling cheeks of her bottom defenseless.

Janet felt Grace's fingers pressing against her rear again and knew what was going to happen. But she wasn't prepared for the powerful jolt of pleasure she felt when the woman's long forefinger, wet with the froth that was bubbling out of her pussy, jabbed into her anus and didn't stop penetrating until it was in her to the knuckle!

"Oooohhhh," the startled child moaned and snapped her head back, her body arching backwards, she pushing her wet pussy harder against Grace's face while the woman stretched and opened her tight rear sheath!! "Unnnggghhhh, that feels ... gooood!!"

The muscles in Janet's slim thighs were straining. Her toes were splayed wide like claws as she wiggled and rolled her trim little bottom. She could hear Grace grunting and gasping as she fought for air, but Janet still couldn't stop. She had to push her pussy harder and harder against Grace's mouth, striving to get release from the itching, tingling feeling in her crotch!

"Hunnnggghhh ... huuuhhh!!" The finger in her burning anus was spinning and twirling and the firm, wet tongue buried in her pussy was slapping and ramming at her like a pulpy jackhammer. The naked child hunched her back and squealed loudly when the first waves of her orgasm hit her.

"Aaaaggghhh ... I'm ... I'm ... aaaaiiiieeee!!" Janet squealed and whimpered. The tongue and the finger popped in and out of her bottom, making her slim body twist and jiggle like a mindless top.

The moaning little girl's legs gave out and when Grace's head fell back on the pillow and her hands dropped away, Janet slipped sideways and fell face down on the bed. The dark little girl was so stunned and so tired that she couldn't even roll over and fell asleep where she was.

She had no idea what time it was, but when the beautiful sensations awoke her, Janet found herself lying halfway across Grace's naked body. The sighing blonde had pressed one of her breasts back in Janet's mouth and she was using her free hand to lightly rub and flick the naked little girl's clitoris back to life while she slept.

Janet sighed and began to roll her hips. It felt nice to be made love to, especially when she was so sleepy and warm. Grace took advantage of her mood. Janet didn't try to resist when she felt herself being lifted again, nor was she surprised when she found herself lying face down on the blonde's naked body, her pretty lips pressing against the perfumed silk of her pubic hairs.

"Do it for me, little baby! Suck my pussy just the way that I sucked yours!"

Janet heard Grace's voice. It sounded like it was coming from miles and miles away. The sleepy girl looked down and shivered when she saw the moist lips of the woman's pussy glisten under its thick hairy covering. For a second, Janet hesitated, but then Grace's fingers began to tease and explore between her opened thighs and the lovely fire began burning brightly inside her once more.

The little girl used her fingers to spread the meaty lips of the woman's pussy and dropped her head. She heard Grace gasp and felt her begin to tremble the instant that her tongue found the distended tip of her clitoris.

"Oooohhh! Ohhh yes, my little baby, lick it, lick it harder!!" Janet smiled to herself and did it again, this time letting her tongue slide over the clit and into the moist, open throat of Grace's vagina. The blonde bucked, her big breasts rubbed against Janet's thighs and her finger crawled back inside her baby pussy.

'This is nice! I don't care what anyone says! I like this,' Janet thought and concentrated on Grace's slick pussy.

Chapter 6

Without watching where it fell, Janet dropped her dress and stood dressed in nothing but her tight blue panties. She stared at her reflection in the full length mirror that stood in the dingy, crowded dressing room of the Majestic Theatre.

Janet wasn't certain how she felt about what she saw. The slim twelve-year-old stared at the firm but terribly small globes of her breasts and sighed unhappily. Compared to Grace's large, smooth breasts, hers were pimples!

'You shouldn't have done that with her,' Janet told herself but it was already too late. She tried not to think about the older girl, but no matter how hard she tried a small, secret smile began to tug at the corners of her mouth. You know how it makes you feel when you think about her, a little voice whispered in her ear. But Janet ignored the whisper and a soft, dreamy look crept into her dark eyes.

She felt a funny, soft feeling in her belly and rubbed her open palm over the firm outline of her little pussy. Far in the back of her mind, Janet Morrison knew that what she'd been doing for the past three days was naughty, but the memory of how Grace's firm, slick tongue could make her gasp and squeal for what felt like hours at a time was so strong that Janet knew that she couldn't stop seeing her.

Since that first night that they'd spent together, Grace had been with her or on her mind every second. Julia hadn't minded. She was so wrapped up with Dave that she didn't notice that Janet was rarely home.

She giggled happily when she remembered how she'd managed to evade Rick and Mr. Simpson. Each time that either man tried to corner her and talk to her, Grace would manage to show up and cramp their styles! Ohhhh, it felt nice to squeeze and play with her moistening pussy. Lazily Janet watched her fingers press and wiggle against the silky material of her panties. Grace had taught her to do this, she'd always felt sort of funny and embarrassed when she masturbated before, but the older girl had showed her how nice it was. Grace had also showed Janet how she played with her own hairy nest when there was no one else around.

Janet saw a dark spot growing at the front of her panties and it made her feel warm and melty inside when she realized that it was her own love juice seeping out of her tight vagina, oiling her vulva.

It was so early. Janet felt funny being at work at ten in the morning but this was her first chance to work the film club and she didn't want to pass up the extra twenty dollars that John had promised her for working it. Kathy was already dressed and downstairs so reluctantly Janet stopped touching herself and slipped into the form-fitting uniform.

Janet was down the stairs and moving through the lobby before she realized that there was something unusual about the members of the film club: They were all men! Everywhere she looked she saw men, older men for the most part and many of them wearing overcoats, even though it was summer.

As she bustled about, opening doors and helping Rick take tickets Janet slowly became aware of the warm, lingering glances that the patrons gave her. As she realized what those looks were telling her, her vulva grew hot and moist again. She turned, looking for Kathy, but when she saw the older girl she was standing in a dark corner of the lobby, a tall man in front of her. She wasn't certain, but she thought she saw Kathy's hand pressed against the front of the tall man's slacks!!

Before Janet could even be sure of what she was seeing, the music for the first film blared to life in the theatre and all the men in the lobby hurried inside. Acting automatically, Janet moved down the aisle doors and closed them. She was so caught up in her private thoughts that she didn't bother to look up and see what was being shown on the screen.

'What is this? What's going on?' Grace would probably have the answer, but when she turned to the candy counter the little girl was amazed to find it dark and closed down. Grace wasn't there.

"What's the matter, chick? You look like something just bit you."

Janet whirled on her heel and found Rick standing before her, a knowing grin on his face. "Didn't your precious Grace tell you about the film club? That's not a very good sign, is it?"

Janet didn't know what he was saying. She stared at the young head usher and helplessly shook her head. A slow, pleased smile creased Rick's face. Moving confidently he caught Janet by the arm and led her to one side of the lobby.

"What I'm saying is that dear old Gracie has done her part and now she's throwing you back to the wolves."

The little girl was more confused than ever and she hated that smile on Rick's face. She jerked her arm free of his grasp but he moved in front of her and barred her escape.

"Let me go," Janet hissed angrily. "I don't have to let you make me... do things."

Rick just grinned.

"I'll tell Mr. Simpson. He won't put up with you bothering me!!"

Rick scowled. His face looked cold and angry when he answered her. "You stupid little twat! Who do you think runs this mess? You'd better wise up and do it quick!"

Before she could protest, Rick caught Janet by the arm again and forcibly pushed her towards the main aisle of the theatre. "Take a look at what the film club is watching this morning and then tell me about what Simpson won't put up with around here!"

The head usher jerked the doors open and shoved Janet into the auditorium, stepping in behind her so he could keep his painful grip on her elbow.

Janet didn't have any idea of what she was supposed to see but when she recovered her balance and looked up at the screen she thought that her heart would stop as she watched a pretty blonde bend her head and pop the swollen, leaking head of some faceless man's penis in her open mouth! Janet wanted to scream, but before she could make a sound Rick had clapped a hand over her open mouth while he whispered urgently in her ear.

"How do you like it? This is the film club: All the lonely men in town come here two mornings a week and watch this shit! Do you think that the man who runs this will give a damn if I screw around with you? You're just another pussy, honey, and all he cares about is that you are around and in good shape for what he has in mind for you!"

Janet heard the words but their impact was softened by the flashing images on the screen. The camera was focused on a pretty little girl. She was only twelve or thirteen and she sat naked on a man's knee. Janet felt a chill race up and down her spine when she realized what would happen. The man in the movie was naked too and the giggling child was stroking and squeezing his erect prick with her fist.

Oooooo, noooo, that voice whispered in Janet's mind. She's too young for him to do that to her. Janet hadn't given a thought to the obvious fact that she was the same age as the girl in the movie. Her entire attention was focused on the screen.

Janet didn't notice when Rick drew her down in a seat and sat beside her as they watched the naked man lift the girl and swing her high over his rampant cock before bringing her down. The giggling girl sat with her plump thighs spread wide on either side of the man's thighs. She sat with her back to him and in such a way that it looked as if his upthrust cock was growing up from between her legs.

There was no sound but somehow Janet knew exactly what was being said when the man leaned forward and began to whisper in the little girl's ear and stroke her naked body at the same time.

The pretty blonde giggled again and nodded. Her small hands clamped around the swollen, shaft of the man's prick and made rubbing motions on it. The man threw his head back and Janet was sure that she could hear the echo of his pleased moan. One of the man's hands pressed down over the naked girl's belly and then he inserted a finger in the pink and white slit of her bottom.

Janet's own little love box began to burn and drip. She was disgusted with herself, but the images that she was watching were so strong and so exciting that she couldn't help herself.

On screen the girl giggled again and turned her head to whisper something to the man. Strong hands gripped her by the waist and she was lifted about a foot off the man's lap. The camera zoomed in and when the focus settled the audience was awarded with a close up of an adult, bloated cockhead entering the little girl's slit.

Janet heard a groan rise up from the men in the audience and that sound set something off inside her and before she knew what she was doing she was moaning along with them! She watched with fascination as the huge knob of the man's cock forced aside the soft folds of the little girl's sparsely haired vulva and disappeared inside her. Janet could see gleaming drops of love-juice squeezing out of the little girl's gorged pussy and knew that a flow of her own was wetting the crotch of her panties.

The slender twelve-year-old was so engrossed in the exciting scene before her that she offered no resistance when Rick pushed her forward and undid the zippers on the top and short skirt she wore.

The camera panned upward and the entire screen was filled with the grimacing face of the blonde girl. Janet knew what she was feeling, the memory of John's big, hard prick filling her was still fresh in her mind.

"You like it, don't you? I thought it would shake your day but I guess you're a little tougher than I thought you were."

She couldn't answer him. Janet's attention was fixed on the screen and she shivered as she watched the man's hands slowly guide the twisting, jerking body of the thirteen-year-old up and down on his massive cock. Janet was sure that she could make out the outline of his prick under the flesh of the girl's flat belly and watched with growing excitement as it moved up and down, stretching and pulling her downy little vagina, making room in her small body for it.

The top of her uniform was loose and Janet was aware of Rick's hand as it slid upward, over her ribs. She gasped, then moaned when his fingers closed around a firm little breast and squeezed it. But even then she couldn't tear her eyes away from the screen.

A couple passed between the screen and the first row, catching Janet's attention for a moment. It was the other usherette, Kathy, and she was taking a man back behind the screen! For the first time Janet realized the purpose of having that bed back there and she was shaken beyond words!

The pretty little usherette felt insistent hands tugging at her loosened skirt and she gave no thought to the fact that she was in a hall with close to two hundred men. She lifted off the seat and let Rick slip her clothing to the floor.

Janet fell back in her seat. Her panties and skirt hung at her ankles, her uniform top was loosened and had been rolled up over her belly, leaving her naked from the waist down, but looking properly dressed above the waist.

"You want some of that, don't you?"

Janet shuddered as she watched the man on the screen increase the pace and cruelly slam the little girl down on his blood hard cock.

"You need the feel of a prick, I know you do," the head usher whispered.

Rick's fingers pressed themselves between her slender thighs and Janet spread them as wide as she could, hampered only by her panties still clinging to her ankles.

Rick's forefinger found the slick lips of her own sparsely haired little sex and while Janet watched the other man fuck the little girl, the finger sank deep into her newly opened love sheath. A long, shuddering sigh oozed out of her mouth and her hips began a shameless wriggling as she worked the tight mouth of her pussy around the finger, clamping down on it as if it was a long, slender prick working in and out of her.

"Well, I can feel old Newt has been busy," Rick breathed in surprise. "He's taken you already! Your cherry's broken now, isn't it?"

She didn't want to tell him. It was private and personal, but the feel of Rick's slick finger working back and forth over her stiff clit loosened Janet's tongue and the humiliated little girl heard herself babbling to him in response.

"Oooohhh, yesssss!! Annnngggghhhhh, Ricky it feels so nice, do it faster!!"

The head usher fumbled eagerly with his own clothing. Janet wasn't surprised when her hand was moved forward and her fingers were pressed tight around the young man's erect, throbbing cock.

"Ahhhhh, it feels so long and so hard!" She loved it. Her eyes were riveted on the screen and while she watched the man come in the young girl and followed the thick rivulets of come squirt out of her tiny pussy, her fingers rapidly jerked up and down on Rick's cock.

"Do you want to come? Do you need it now, baby?"

"Ohhhhhhh ... yesssss, I want to come, Ricky. Make me come, please!" Before she finished her plea the pretty, half naked little girl was pulled crosswise in her seat and her head was pressed down in the head usher's lap.

Realizing that all she could hope for was to make him so happy that he would give her what she needed, Janet didn't hesitate. Her lips formed an oval and she dropped her head, sucking Rick's erect penis deep in her mouth. At the same time her cheeks hollowed and she began to eagerly nurse and pull on his prick.

The usher jumped and then groaned. Janet felt both of his hands on her head guiding her up and down over his pulsating shaft and she was surprised to realize how happy and delighted she was to feel his hard meat pushing and bumping against the roof of her mouth. For days Grace had been telling her how awful and disgusting men were, but now she remembered how exciting and fulfilling they could be as well!!

Janet was lost in a rapture that left her open and defenseless. Another pair of hands was moving over the naked spheres of her bottom, but she didn't give it a thought until she heard Rick laugh and push harder at the top of her bobbing head. Then she realized what was happening. It was someone else's hands! Rick couldn't have four of them!

She moaned and tried to lift her head away from Rick's jerking cock but the excited usher wouldn't let her. She tried to turn her head and see who was playing with her bottom but all she could see was the vague outline of another man.

A finger moved between the firm cheeks of her ass and found the wet mouth of her pussy. Janet moaned again and shuddered as the stranger's finger slipped into her already wet and lubricated pussy and began to move around and around. She knew that she should fight it, but the warm delicious feeling that the finger gave her was too much to ignore and she moaned and wiggled her exposed bottom while she eagerly sucked and pulled on the hard prick that filled her mouth.

It only took a few knowing strokes and she was on fire!! Janet squealed, the sound muffled and muted by the fat spear of flesh that she was sucking on. as she shook her bottom and rolled her hips, helping the faceless man's finger twist and turn inside her. But Janet's moans of pleasure turned to groans of fear and pain as another finger wet itself in the drool that was pouring out of her and began to press hard against the wrinkled rosette of her tender anal passage!!

"Ouuuuwwww, dun't du thut," She groaned. But the man ignored her garbled plea for mercy and pressed again. This time his lubricated finger popped past her clenched sphincter and slid deep in the hot, pulsating grip of her rectum.

"Ouuuuwwww, ut hurts. Pluze, dun't du thus tu muh!!!"

The man's other finger was still working back and forth over her swollen distended clitoris and each time that it mashed it flat Janet would gasp and suck a little harder on the cock that she held in her mouth.

The worst part was that she liked it! The feel of the thick finger twisting and turning in her rear made the lovely twelve year old jump and buck. She couldn't resist the impulse to respond and soon she was ramming her defenseless ass back against the stranger's hand, helping him force the full length of his two fingers into the slack and softened openings in her tender bottom.

Janet groaned and snuffled. Her wet tongue lashed back and forth over Rick's hard prick while she sucked on and on. The taste of the head usher's penis filled her mouth and the thought that soon she would taste his white, creamy come only made her more excited than ever.

"Aggggghhh, that's the way," Rick panted as he pressed Janet's head even deeper into his lap. The girl moaned, her wind was cut off as the head of his prick filled her throat but before she could fight her way clear of it the knob jerked and a warm stream of come shot straight down her throat and into her waiting belly.

The twelve-year-old gasped for breath. When she was allowed to pull back, she felt a hot shower of come hit her cheek and managed to stuff the cockhead back into her pursed mouth before the next hot jet of semen spurted out.

The fingers in her pussy and her burning ass continued to twist and turn and as she greedily sucked and nursed on the spouting cock they brought her to her climax and she howled. Long strings of come dangled from her mouth when the little girl lifted her head and called out. She was aware of the come hitting her eyes and her nose and aware of the heads that were turning in her direction, but it didn't matter. What did matter was the brilliant stabbing pains of her orgasm and the lovely, melting way that she felt.. "Ooohhh, keep it up!!! Ooohhh, please do it faster and faster ... Unnnngggggg!!!"

Chapter 7

The theatre was empty and Janet stood peeking into the ladies lounge watching Kathy tiredly lean over the wash basin and try to wipe away the white crusty come marks from her body. You'll be just like that, Janet told herself. No matter what you tell yourself now, they'll turn you into something like that if you let them.

Every time she moved, Janet was shaken by a stinging pain from her stretched anal opening. The movies had been over for more than an hour, but it only seemed like moments ago that Rick and that man, a man that she'd never seen, had whipped and worked her into that long series of orgasms in the back row. The little brunette nervously ran a finger from her own lips down over her chin and to her throat. She wanted to make sure that none of the dried come was still on her too.

Kathy hadn't said a word to her when she finally appeared from behind the screen and staggered up the stairs to the lounge. Consumed by curiosity she'd followed the older girl and watched while Kathy stripped her wrinkled uniform away and used paper towels to scrub at the stains covered her firm, uptilted breasts.

As worried and shocked as she was, Janet was still aware of the tingle that she felt deep in her belly when she looked at the still stiff nipples that grew up. from the firm globes of the seventeen-year-old's breasts and for a moment she wondered if Grace had taken her home too?

Had she done that? Had she taken her home and put her on her bed to suck and lick at her the way that she did with me? Janet felt the evil flicker of jealousy burning in her before she realized what she was doing to herself. For the first time the little girl understood what had been happening to her since she came to the Majestic and the realization shook her to the core!

She trembled when she imagined what it would be like if she were caught in the mess that she saw brewing here. Julia would be so shocked and hurt and how would she feel about herself if everyone knew the awful things that she'd been doing since she came to work here?

Of course it wasn't as simple as all that. Janet still wasn't certain how she felt about her mother now. After seeing and hearing her with Dave Henry, her vision of her mother was blurred and unsettled. But the idea of having it known what she had been doing made Janet's mind up for her. She could imagine the sneering, knowing looks that her friends would give her and the idea of having to talk to the police about what had happened was too awful to even think about!

'I'll quit. We'll just have to do without the extra money,' Janet told herself as she turned away from the lounge door and headed for Mr. Simpson's office door. They're all crazy. I'm not going to be here when the trouble starts!

There was no doubt in Janet's mind about what she was going to do when she knocked on John's door and barged in without waiting for an answer. She was going to quit and she was going to make sure that she didn't let him touch her while she talked to him!

"Mr. Simpson? I have to talk to you about something imp..... "Janet stopped in mid-sentence because the manager wasn't alone in his office. Another man sat across from the desk, a handsome older man with distinguished greying hair, wearing a beautifully tailored suit.

Janet tried to back out of the door. But instead of being angry, John smiled at her and motioned for her to come to his desk. The little girl was too surprised and off balance to refuse. After a moment's hesitation she stepped back into the office and shyly approached the desk.

"See? I told you she was nice. You don't have to worry about me, I know how to pick my staff."

The man on the other side of the desk nodded in answer to John's boast and calmly eyed Janet from head to toe. The girl saw the heat and interest in the older man's eyes and shivered. She didn't want him to touch her. She wanted to leave and never come back, but there was something about the other man, something that rattled her completely. He looked a little like her daddy!

"Come here, baby," the older man said in a low voice. "I want a better look at you." His voice even sounded like daddy's! The girl wanted to cry as she slowly moved towards the greying man's outstretched hand.

"Janet ... this is... uh, Mr. Baker, Harold Baker," John mumbled as Janet took the' man's hand. She knew that Baker wasn't really his name, but she didn't care. All she wanted to do was get closer to him and see if he still reminded her of her dead father.

"Mr. Baker is in charge of the Majestic and .... other places for the company," John said softly. "I was just telling him how... good you are at your job and how... worthwhile you'll be to us soon."

For the first time Janet understood. She realized that the wasn't talking about the movie house. He was talking about the men who came to the film club and what went on in the bed behind the screen. She wondered where they would put her cot, when she was ready, in the dressing room?

Despite her understanding, she wasn't upset anymore, staring into Mr. Baker's eyes and feeling that warm, gushing feeling in her pussy.

He really did look a little like daddy and now she realized something, something that had been hidden from her all those years. She wished that Mr. Baker was daddy, because now she knew what he wanted from her and she wanted him to have it! Because it would have been so nice if she could have given herself to daddy like that!!

"Do you like working for us, honey? Now that you've been here for a while, do you think that you'd like to stay with us?"

Here was her chance. Janet knew that all she would have to do was tell him that she-wanted to leave and she could do it. But when she stared deep into the handsome, grey haired man's eyes no words came to her.

Mr. Baker smiled at Janet and gently pulled her closer. His fingers felt warm and gentle on the bare flesh of her wrist and when they started to move up her arm all she could do was tremble with anticipation.

"You are a pretty girl, that's good. A pretty girl can do well with us, she can have fun and make a lot of money at the same time. Do you like that idea, little girl?"

Janet shuddered and watched as Mr. Baker's hand tightened around her elbow and he used his grip to gently pull her up on his lap. John Simpson coughed and started to get up from his chair, but Mr. Baker used his free hand to motion him back.

"You don't have to leave, does he, honey? Why don't you make us all a drink, then we can call that other girl you have here and we'll have a short party up here."

The ice in her glass slid forward and clunked against her teeth. Janet had just finished her drink in one big gulp, the way that Mr. Baker told her to. She coughed and gasped for air when the fire of the whiskey exploded in her stomach.

It was her first experience with drinking and Janet had just finished her second drink. "Ohhhh, it makes me feel... dizzy," she murmured as she sat her empty glass down and leaned back against Mr. Baker's shoulder.

She could hear the man laugh and feel the vibrations against her spine. He'd taken off his coat and she became aware of his body heat as the older man hugged her tight.

She giggled. She could feel Mr. Baker's prick. stirring and stiffening under her and she surprised herself with her own boldness when she wiggled her bottom against it. She heard the man behind her grunt and felt his big hand land on her bare thigh and start upward.

The office was dark. John had pulled the drapes and he was sitting across the room with Kathy. Janet strained her eyes and saw that the manager had clinched with the older girl, their arms wrapped around each other as they kissed.

Janet sighed and wiggled her bottom again. Just watching Kathy respond to Newt's touch was making her feel funny and soft inside. She'd forgotten how nice it was to be kissed by a man. Grace was nice and excited her, but she realized that she needed more, at least some of the time.

Mr. Baker's hand was under her skirt, but it was moving too slow to suit Janet and she pulled the skirt up and jerked the leg band of her panties aside to let him touch her.

"Oh, you're learning fast," the man whispered. Janet gasped as he pressed a stiffened finger into the moist grip of her plump pussy. "John told me that he was the first inside you, is that right?"

Janet was embarrassed, but she nodded as she rolled her hips again. The finger burrowed deeper inside her and it felt so nice that she almost had a tiny climax! "Is he the only one? Has anyone else ever taken you, honey? Have you let some other stud shove it to you yet?"

"Huuuuuh! Noooo," Janet gushed as he wiggled his finger back and forth over her stiff little love bud. "Noooo, it scared me a little, I... I didn't want to let anyone do it to me again."

The second that she answered him Janet felt Mr. Baker's prick jump and butt hard against her bottom. She moaned with pleased anticipation and reached between her open legs to cup his heavy balls.

"You're not afraid now! I can tell that you're ready again," Mr. Baker's voice was so soft and low that it sounded like he was humming to her. Janet couldn't answer him, she couldn't make a sound.

"I'm glad that no one else has been in you, baby," the man whispered as he lifted Janet and put her on her feet. They worked together and in seconds she was naked except for her shoes. "I wish that I had known about you because I would have been the first!"

The naked, dark little girl shivered as she watched Mr. Baker strip. She darted a nervous glance at Mr. Simpson and Kathy but she needn't have worried. The two on the couch were already half naked and Kathy lay back while John was busy sucking and pulling on her stiff nipples.

Janet swayed on her feet and for the first time realized that she was drunk. The pretty little brunette giggled and shook her head, letting her long auburn hair dance and swing around her head.

All that Mr. Baker was wearing was his shorts. Before he could pull them down, Janet moved to him and hooked her own small fingers in the waist band of his straining shorts.

It was funny. Janet knew that the whole situation was weird but in spite of that, she felt at home and natural. Every time she looked into the handsome man's face she was reminded of her father and the idea of standing naked before her daddy, pulling down his shorts excited her. Janet couldn't bring herself to look at Mr. Baker's hard-on until she'd managed to jerk his tight shorts down to his knees. Then, her knees shaking, Janet looked and the sight of his thick, hairy column set off a small skyburst rocket in her belly and made the delicate muscles in her tight love sheath strain and clamp down!!

Remembering what she'd seen in the movie, she used both hands to grip the throbbing cock. Janet hesitated for a second, enjoying the feel of the big fleshy spear as it throbbed against her palms, then she began to move her hands up and down.

"Ummmm, that's good," Mr. Baker sighed as he leaned against the desk and watched the naked child jack him off. "You have a talent for this, you're a natural!" He patted her head and used his fingers to pull Janet's long curly hair back from her face. His other hand drifted down from her shoulders and was gently squeezing and stroking the firm buds of her small breasts. Janet shivered and pressed closer to him. She loved the feel of his hands, especially when she pretended that they were daddy's.

"Lick it, honey," Mr. Baker sighed. "Get my cock all wet and slippery so I can slip it in you. Lick it all over." She'd only been waiting for the invitation. Janet took a deep breath and bent her head.

"Oh, that's nice," the grey-haired man sighed. "That's good as it can get!" He had turned and was shoving the things on the top of John's desk aside. Janet shivered happily as she worked her tongue up and down his thick cock. She liked the taste and feel of it and the idea that she was wetting it to let it slide into her belly made her love Mr. Baker's cock all the more.

She'd worked her way to the tip and after licking and slobbering around the underside, she popped the bloated tip of the older man's big dong into her mouth and began to suck on it. Without taking her ovaled lips away from the penis, Janet turned her head slightly and peeked behind her. Kathy was on her knees before the couch and she was sucking on John's big prick too, It made the twelve-year-old feel grown up and important to be able to please men like this and it eased her mind when she realized that Kathy did the same things as she did.

"Ummmm that's good, honey," Mr. Baker finally sighed as he pushed Janet's bobbing head away from his prick. "Now, come up here and show me what he taught you."

Janet was nervous, but she didn't resist. She allowed the naked man to lift her and sit her on the edge of the desk. But looking down at his throbbing cock, the thought of taking that big thing inside her was suddenly more than she could bear!

"You'll hurt me," Janet whimpered as Mr. Baker moved between her naked thighs. The man ignored her as he pulled her bottom close to the edge of the desk and began to press her backward, forcing the moaning little girl to lay flat on her back. "Please, let me suck it some more! I'm afraid, you'll tear me and hurt me! !"

"Shhhhh, don't worry," Harold Baker whispered and ran his hands up and down over her naked body, lightly caressing and pinching her velvet smooth flesh. "I won't hurt you. We'll go slow. You'll love it, believe me."

Janet was still afraid, but each time that he touched her, each time that he let his wandering fingers press and dip into her secret places, the fire in her belly grew stronger. Soon it would be too strong to ignore!

"Watch me, honey," Mr. Baker whispered. "Watch me, lover."

Janet's wide eyes were brimming with tears as she meekly did as she was told and lifted her head. Mr. Baker held his big prick in his hand and was slowly, gently rubbing the purple knob of the glans against the parted lips of her little pussy.

The naked little girl gasped and stiffened on the desk top. The firm pads of her ass clenched together and lifted her moist pussy. Again and then again the man rubbed the pulpy head of his prick between the sparse curly black hairs on her folds, the glans kissing her distended little clitoris and sending waves of pleasure through her.

"Spread your legs, honey," the man whispered as he leaned forward. "Lift them and spread them for me."

Janet moaned as she obeyed, gripping her knees and pulling her slim thighs all the way back to her shoulders. She could still see what Mr. Baker was doing to her and when he lowered the head of his lance and fitted it in between the plump folds covering her vagina, the girl whimpered and began to roll her hips in a feeble effort to escape penetration.

"Be still," the man sighed. "Don't worry, honey, I won't hurt you." He used one hand to guide his saliva slick cock, and with the other hand he pressed down against her stomach, pinning Janet to the desk while he slowly thrust the first 5 centimetres of his big thing into her.

"Unnnggghhhh" Janet whimpered helplessly when she felt her tight vagina being stretched and opened. Nothing had been inside her since that first time and this was almost as bad as it had been then! "Ooohhhh you're hurting me... awwwwwhhhh, please, Mr. Baker you're hurting me!!"

Harold Baker shook his head, his eyes closed and didn't hear her. Janet shivered and strained to pull her slender legs farther apart. It helped. Stretching her thighs seemed to make more room for his big prick that way.

"Ahhhhh, God but you're tight," the man finally gasped.

Janet moaned in answer. Looking down she could see more than half of his big stalk buried in her belly and the sight of it frightened her and thrilled her all at the same time.

"It's going to feel good, honey, just relax and let it happen," he whispered to her.

Janet was about to answer him when he reached forward and covered the flattened buds of her small breasts with his warm palms.

"Shhhhh, just relax, kid. Lay back and let me take you. You'll love it in a few minutes!"

A dull, slow moving sensation was building up inside her. Janet's legs were hurting and she was forced to drop them. She let them slide down around the naked man's rib cage and hug his waist. The movement dropped her pelvis and the lovely little girl gasped in at the pleasure this gave!!

"Ohhhh!... Huuuuuuh!!" The sounds were gushing out of her as the grey-haired man's cock advanced. It was getting thicker with each centimeter and Janet stared down at the long, throbbing hardon with awe. She couldn't stop herself. The muscles of her ass clenched again and made her stinging, bruised little pussy jiggle around the stiff post that was slowly sliding into her. Mr. Baker grinned when he heard her moans of pain turn into sighs of pleasure. He increased the pressure, driving himself into her to the balls!!

Her vision was blurred and dancing when Janet looked up at him again. This time the grey-haired man who towered over her and was intent on working his painfully big dong in and out of her looked more like daddy than ever!

"Oooohhh, Daddy," the shaken little girl moaned as she wiggled and rolled her narrow hips. "It feels better now. Do it ... I like it now!"

Mr. Baker looked surprised, then pleased. His eyes grew brighter and he smiled, showing his white even teeth.

"Oh yes? Would you like it with daddy? Do you want daddy to make you come and come?" He sounded just like her daddy and that, combined with the lovely feel of his big, slippery prick beginning to move in and out of her broke the string for Janet!!

"Oooohhhh, yesssss, Daddy. I want that! I didn't know it before, but I want that so much!" The naked child shuddered and wiggled her smooth body on the slick desk top. They both watched breathlessly as almost half of the swollen cock was withdrawn and they both groaned with pleasure as it jammed home again!

Janet's neck muscles were taut and stood under her flesh like straining bridge supports. Her hands gripped the grey-haired man's shoulders and pulled as she fought to bring the stuffed oval of her bubbling little pussy closer to him. Harold Baker grunted and shook as he began to make long, smooth strokes into the dark and pink mouth of the child's slightly curly-haired pussy.

Janet heard a muffled, shuddering groan of pleasure from across the room and she raised her head to see what was happening. Kathy was on her hands and knees in the center of the room.

John knelt behind her and he was the one making the moaning sounds as he sent thrust after flesh shaking thrust into the seventeen-year-old's body. It only took a second for Janet to realize that the theatre manager's big prick was buried in the girl's anus! Janet gasped and shook. She was afraid of that too, but even so she couldn't drag her eyes away from the lewd sight.

Looking over his shoulder, Mr. Baker saw what Janet was looking at and a new, hard sound crept into his voice. "Would you like that? Do you want daddy to stick his big cock up your ass too?"

Janet gasped and moaned. The muscles in her love sheath tightened painfully and she wiggled frantically on the end of her daddy's big prick. "Noooo," she whimpered pitifully. "Noooo, don't do that to me, Daddy. Don't, I... couldn't ... ooooooohhhhhhhh!!!"

Mr. Baker snorted and then groaned as the child's deliciously tight pussy clamped down on him. He bucked and thrust and each time that his big prick sank home it would drive the whimpering little girl back an inch.

"Aggggghhh, shake your ass, honey! Shake it, Daddy's going to come in you. Daddy's going to fill his baby's pussy with come... aggggghhh!!!"

The warm gush inside her stimulated Janet. Her body arched up off the desk, her heels locked tight behind his back. Janet was aware of how slick and hard to hold the big prick had become and she clamped down even harder on it, milking Mr. Baker's frothy semen from his balls with each pull.

"Oooooo daddddddddyyy!!! I... Aaaaaaiiiiieeeeeeeeee!!!"

Chapter 8

"Don't work her tonight. Let her rest up a day and then start her again." Mr. Baker's words still rang and echoed in her ears. Janet sat slumped on a stool in the dressing room and shook her head as she remembered what she'd heard as she lay sprawled on the desk. "You know what I want, John. That little sugar pussy can be worth big dollars to us. I want her broken in and on the string by the end of the month!"

They talked about her as if they owned her. Janet tried to be angry about it, but she was too tired and beaten down to manage. 'On the string,' she wasn't certain what that meant but she felt sure it wouldn't be a good thing for her!

She looked around the empty dressing room. Kathy had already changed and left. Janet frowned and felt a little tingle between her thighs when she thought about the redheaded usherette. Kathy hadn't said a word to her when they got back to the dressing room. She hadn't even looked at Janet before she dressed and hurried out. As she slipped into her dress, the little girl found herself thinking about Kathy. And the more she thought the more confused and unsettled she felt.

'It's no secret she takes those men back there for money,' Janet told herself. The little twelve-year-old knew that was wrong and that she should not like the older girl. But whenever she thought about Kathy, Janet remembered how pretty she had looked with Mr. Simpson. How her firm breasts jiggled and bounced when she knelt before him and let him put his big prick in her... her ass!!!

Suddenly Janet realized that she was getting excited again. Images of Kathy were mingling with images of Grace Borden until she wasn't sure which was which! Did she want to do that with Kathy too? Janet imagined slipping to her knees and kissing Kathy's red pubic curls, imagined worming her tongue into Kathy's pussy and tasting her love juice!

No! I have to stop thinking about things like that! I have to stop this. I don't care what I promised Mr. Baker, I have to get out of here! A sudden wave of panic swept over her and she only paused long enough to sweep up her purse before she darted out of the dressing room and down the stairs of the deserted theatre, just in time to catch the bus home.

Safely in the shower, she hummed happily to herself as she twisted and turned under the soothing touch of the water. The naked twelve-year-old smiled and paused long enough to press the flat of her soapy palm against the firm mound of her downy sex, running her fingers over the sparse curly black hairs sprouting from the plump little lips.

Mr. Baker was nice, the slender dark girl whispered to herself. I though that he would tear me in half, but it passed quickly. Janet shivered when her bruised vulva began to tingle and grew warm in response to the pressure. Janet was amazed and a little awed when she realized how easily her elastic little love sleeve had stretched to swallow all of Mr. Baker's big cock.

I shouldn't think like that, the little girl told herself. Hurriedly she turned off the shower and hopped out. I'm going to get into trouble. There's no way that I can do what John wants me to do and not get into trouble! Janet wished that she could sit down with her mother and tell her what had happened, she needed someone to talk to, but she didn't dare tell Julia.

Besides, she's in her room with Dave. She doesn't care about what happens to me! It hurt when she admitted it to herself, but Janet realized it was the truth. I never knew her, all this time and I never really knew my own mother!

Janet thought about the soft, vacant look in Julia's eyes lately and she realized how her beautiful mother had let the house slide, how she ignored everything but Dave Henry and his big, long cock! Part of the girl understood, part of her knew what it was like to let herself be ruled by a throbbing penis.

Janet was looking in the mirror, combing her wet hair when the door to the bathroom swung open. She saw a large, hairy hand push the door. She squeaked as she dove sideways and grabbed a large towel! She stood, wide-eyed, her slender body hid behind the towel when Dave stalked into her room.

Janet expected the man to see her, mumble an apology and then hurry out of the room, but he surprised and frightened her by doing exactly the opposite.

"Oh? You finally came home, eh?" Dave Henry grinned at her and leaned against the edge of the washbasin.

For the first time, Janet noticed that he was only wearing a pair of underwear shorts.

Dave caught the direction of the frightened girl's glance and grinned. He made no effort to hide the open fly of the shorts, letting her see his thick, dark pubic hair.

"I think that it's time that you and I had a little talk, honey," he murmured. When Dave pushed away from the sink and tried to stand upright, Janet saw him stagger slightly and realized that he'd been drinking. "Yeah, you and I should get to know each other better!"

He made no move to touch her but just the same Janet could feel his hot eyes burning through the towel that she held. She shivered as she waited.

Dave grinned at her and scratched his belly. In the process, he managed to push the waistband of his shorts even lower around his waist. "I've sort of... moved in here. I'm paying the rent and most of the bills so I think that you should know where I stand."

Janet hadn't realized how close the man was until he reached out and caught the edge of her towel between his fingers. Before the startled little girl could catch it, the grinning man jerked at the towel and left her standing naked and defenseless before him!

"Oh," Janet breathed in a shocked tone. "I... don't look at me like that!"

Dave just grinned again and motioned for her to come to him.

Janet didn't want to do it, but the heated, fever-bright look in Dave's eyes seemed to compel her and slowly the naked child moved close enough for the man to catch her arm.

"I like to look at you, honey," the handsome man sighed as he let his eyes rove over her slim, glistening body. "That's part of our deal. Your poor mother knows that she can't handle things alone, so she decided to let me take over."

The handsome man's tone hardened and Janet squealed softly when his strong fingers closed around her arm. "That includes you! Whether Julia knows it or not! You go with the place, honey, and the sooner you understand that, the better!"

He didn't give her a chance. Before Janet could respond to what was happening, the smiling man had drawn her up against his warm body and his free hand was tilting her head upward. A pair of lips closed over her own and the naked twelve-year-old felt the newly awakened desires inside her flicker back to life.

"Please...Mother will...Ooohhh!" Janet tried to push away from the warm circle of Dave's strong arm but before she could the man's fingers found her already stiff nipple and pulled at it. The lovely pleasurable sensation that shot through her numbed the shaken little girl and left her soft and pliant in the man's grip.

"Your mother? Don't worry about Julia, honey. I've got your mother under control. You don't have to worry about what she'll do or say about us at all!"

She heard the words, but Janet wasn't convinced. She tried to wriggle free of the handsome man's grip while she shook her head. "Please, I'm afraid of you. You're...too big a man...I couldn't..."

Janet had no chance to finish her feeble protest.

"You bet your ass I'm a big man, baby!" Dave chuckled. He took one of Janet's hands in his and boldly pressed it against the front of his shorts.

The little girl heard herself sigh and felt her thighs begin to tremble. She could feel the gristle of his thick prick stir under her palm.

"You're still hung up about your mama, aren't you?" Dave laughed. "Come with me. I'll show you how concerned your darling mama is about you and what you're doing!"

They were out the door and heading down the hallway toward her mother's room before Janet could even think of a protest. Dave made no effort to be quiet or mask their approach to her mother's bedroom door.

Janet watched his hand turn the knob and push open the door to the bedroom.

"Look at her! That's your mother," the drunken man whispered in Janet's ear. "Look at that pussy and see her for what she really is!"

Janet shook and trembled. She tried to turn her eyes away from what she saw but couldn't ignore the scene that lay before her. Julia lay sprawled on her rumpled bed with her smooth, rounded thighs spread wide, her naked body glowing darkly in the light streaming through the open door. From the slow, even way she breathed, Janet knew that her mother was sleeping. Despite the shock and embarrassment that Janet felt, the lovely child couldn't tear her gaze away from the lewd sight of her mother as she lay sleeping contentedly while a thin trail of come oozed out of her red and abused-looking sex and out of the corner of her mouth at the same time!

"Your mother sucks a mean cock," Dave Henry whispered softly in Janet's ear. "Can you do that? Can you suck on a hard dick until it gives you its hot, slick juice to drink?"

For the first time in her life Janet hated herself! She stared at her mother as she lay satiated and covered with the signs of her lewd behavior and realized that she was jealous!

A sudden and shocking truth invaded the little girl's mind and she understood. Fucking wasn't so bad, it was the reason and the feeling that was invoked that could make it bad and nasty. The loving was good, it was something everyone needed. It was the hate and the shame that turned it bad!

Janet was still caught up in the wonder of her revelation and she made no effort to escape when the big man beside her tightened his grip on her shoulder and turned her away from the door.

"If I pay all the bills and take on the responsibility of this house, then I get all the prizes too," the man whispered in Janet's ear. If I pay your way, baby, I should have the use of you too!"

The girl knew exactly what he was saying to her and as awful as it was, she realized too, that it would only be fair! Right then, she was glad when Dave bent and picked her up because she was certain that she would have collapsed on the floor if he hadn't.

The door to her bedroom swung open and Dave didn't hesitate as he headed for Janet's bed. The little girl knew what was coming next, and had resigned herself to the fact that she would soon feel another hard erection sliding into her little pussy.

"Jesus but you're lovely." Dave breathed softly as he knelt beside her bed and stared at Janet's slim, naked body. "I've never seen anyone so pretty..."

She felt Dave's lips moving down her ribs and then to the velvet smooth planes of her gently rounded belly. She gasped and dug her heels into the cover of her bed when she felt his wet tongue slide over

her belly and then move down to the deliciously sensitive spot where her slim thigh met and joined her body. The twelve-year-old moaned, her fingers dug into the man's thick, curly hair and pulled, dragging his lips closer to her glowing flesh.

"Do you like me, honey? Do I turn you on?" Dave's questions burned and clawed at her but Janet couldn't make her lips respond and the words of encouragement and agreement were caught deep inside her.

She felt the hard rasp of his beard against her butter-soft inner thighs and whimpered when she felt his strong tongue slither between the folds of her downy slit and bathe the firm little knot of her clitoris in his warm saliva.

"Aaahhh." The naked child sighed as she spread her slender, just-washed thighs wide so that the man could burrow his head even deeper between them and fasten his lips around the small knob of her pleasure button.

"Awwwwuugh, yessss! Ohhh, Dave, you're the boss, you can have whatever you want!"

She was on the trembling verge of her orgasm when the man pulled his gleaming lips away from the soft flesh of her pussy and his hands gripped her thighs. Janet moaned unhappily and wiggled her naked body as she was roughly turned over on her stomach and a thick pillow was shoved beneath her churning belly.

"That's right, baby," Dave Henry moaned as he pulled Janet up to her hands and knees. "I'm the man! I'm the one who has to pay so I'm the one who takes what he wants!"

The naked child trembled and shook when she felt the handsome man move behind her. He'd paused long enough to shuck off his shorts and now his naked, pulsating prick lay nestled between the saucy, upturned cheeks of her firm little ass.

"Ohhhh," Janet sighed. The lovely little girl shivered and pulled her naked body into a fetal portion. She could feel the fat knob of Dave Henry's member move up and down the crack of her splayed buttocks. The head of the penis was leaking and the lovely child could feel the path it took as Mr. Henry's love juice cooled and dried on her flesh.

The taut head of the prick hesitated for a split second at the puckered little opening of her anus. Janet gasped and shuddered when she felt its heated pressure. Then, when the lovely little twelve-year-old was about to moan with fear, the threatening knob moved on and forced its way between the tight folds of her pussy and found its already open mouth.

"Unnnngggggg," Janet moaned softly as she was drawn back to meet the panting man's stiff probe. The pretty little child gasped and wiggled her slim hips, helping the long pole of meat slide over the thick flow of love juice that was seeping out of her and fill the aching void inside her trembling belly. "That feels nice, Mr. Dave. I...like that!"

Dave Henry's strong arms tightened around her and the palms of his big hands closed over the sensitive buds of Janet's budding little breasts.

When she whispered to him, the girl felt his hard-on twitch and grow even larger, pulling the open oval of her small sex even wider in order to accept even more of him.

"You're tight," Dave moaned in Janet's ear. "You're slick and tight, but not you're not a virgin! Who opened you up, baby? I was sure you'd be a virgin. Who popped your cherry and taught you how to fuck, little girl?"

His questions embarrassed and excited Janet at the same time. She knew she could never tell him, but when she thought about the others, those other big, throbbing cocks that had opened her before, a delightful ripple of pleasure raced through her, leaving her tingling from head to toe!

"Well, I know another place where I don't think anyone has been yet," Dave muttered in her ear. For a moment Janet didn't know what he was talking about, but when one of his warm hands left a breast and pressed down between their bodies and pried her small asscheeks apart, she knew what he meant!

The naked little girl twitched and a small moan escaped her.

"No one has had a cock in your tight little asshole, have they? No one has ever felt this small, black twinkie suck tightly around their dick, have they, baby?"

"Ooohh, you're hurting me," Janet moaned softly when the man's stiff finger, wet with her own juices, slid past her tight sphincter and began to wriggle in the pulsating grip of her rectum. "Noooo, no one ever did that to me...unnnnggggghhhh!!"

She knew, the moment that she heard Dave chuckle and felt his long, smooth cock buck in her belly, what he was going to do to her! Frightening but also exciting memories how her mother looked as she bucked and squealed under the pressure of this man's big cock assaulted her and Janet didn't know if she wanted to scream or beg for mercy!

Janet moaned and shook. The little girl desperately clamped down on the thick cock lodged in her pussy. If she could make him come now she wouldn't have to let him... do that... to her!

But Dave was in complete control of the situation. He groaned as the child's tight sheath pulled and milked at his big cock, but he gave no sign that he couldn't hold back.

Janet's last hope died when she felt another finger force its way into her and lay wriggling beside the other in the hot, sucking grip of her forbidden asshole!

"I want a cherry, honey," Dave grated in Janet's ear. "I'm going to take your tight little butt, and you're going to yell at first, but in the end, I think you'll love it! Your mother certainly does!"

Janet knew then, there was nothing she could do and she didn't resist when she felt Dave slowly pull his thick wedge of flesh out of her clinging, silken pussy. A finger tip found, then pressed hard against her tiny clitoris as the big tube of flesh left her and Janet was reduced to a shuddering, moaning orgasm.

"Uhuuuuuooo, don't... Please, you'll hurt me," Janet managed to whisper as the slick head of Dave's big prick slid up and down between the firm little cheeks of her ass, wetting and lubricating the crease.

"Shhhhh, don't worry," Dave hissed in her ear. At the same moment the man's finger began a wobbling, circular motion around her stiff clit.

The little girl gasped and wiggled, helpless in the grip of her animal pleasures.

"It won't hurt you too much. Just relax, baby, and let it happen! You're going to learn to love my cock in your ass!!"

The fingers pulled away, leaving her wrinkled little rosebud feeling stretched and empty, almost longing to feel his frightening pole fill that new emptiness that she felt. A core-deep shudder grew up in Janet when the frightened girl felt the hard knob of Dave Henry's cock find the place where his fingers had been.

"Ohhhhhhh, my pretty little baby," Dave moaned as he pressed his muscular body against her.

Janet felt the hair on his chest brush against the sharp planes of her shoulder blades and his scratchy pubic hairs scrub against the moon shaped cheeks of her bottom.

"Awwwuuuggghhhh," she groaned when the lubricated head of Dave's prick found the center of her anus and pressed in. The girl's toes splayed wide, her supple back arched but she didn't try to escape the pressure.

Janet shivered as she felt the delicate flesh of her anal passage give way under the pressure of the cock that was trying to force entrance.

"Owwwwww," she moaned softly, as she wriggled and shook under the implacable force of Dave's cock.

"Relax, honey," he whispered in her ear before he kissed it. "It's going to be good. I can feel it. It's going to be wonderful!"

"Nooogggghhhh, it...hurts," Janet moaned in response as the slippery cock moved forward a slight centimeter and forcibly parted the puckered oval of her virgin anus. "Awwwuuuggghhh, nooooohhhh, Dave!!"

She felt torn and violated as the mushroom-shaped head of her new step-father's prick oozed inside, past the weakened muscle of her sphincter and dipped its swollen head in the hot, moist mystery of her rectal canal.

"Aaaaggghhh!!! Oooooo, my God!!" She couldn't believe what was happening! Janet shook and twisted as the awful penetration was accomplished. She wanted to pull away from the cock, but when she moved forward Dave's finger pressed hard against her clit and she couldn't stop herself pushing her stuffed, smarting ass back to swallow even more of the thick pole filling her rectum.

"Ooohh yes, baby! That's so good," Dave moaned in Janet's ear.

The little girl whispered and muttered as he forced her narrow buttocks apart, sliding another 5 fat cm's of cock into the moist, clinging grip of her little rectum.

Janet could feel the swollen head of the man's big prick as it slowly forced its way into her anal pussy. The dark-haired little girl whimpered and shook as Dave Henry's bloated cock filled her, and she lost all ability to resist.

"Oooooohhhh, it hurts," the child moaned, her face buried in her pillow, but at the same time she slowly revolved her slim hips, making the burning ring of her tight anus slip around the girth of the invader filling her ass as she began to feel a small glowing coal of pleasure ignite amid the discomfort. "Unnnggghhhh, Dave... ohhh!!"

Dave groaned happily as he felt Janet's tight little ass pucker close around him. His fingers moved up and down her curved spine, finding the little girl's sensitive nerve endings and secret places, leaving her gasping and writhing with desire as they passed.

The massive cock in her bottom thrust into her again until she could feel his balls were resting heavily against the pouting, empty lips of her sex. The twelve-year-old's muscles pulled taut and she rocked backward, helping her tormentor make his fleshy probe penetrate her ravaged anus to the very limit.

"I've got you now," Dave muttered as he pulled back, dragging a few centimetres of his slick prick out of the frantic grip of Janet's glowing anal passage. "I can feel you! I know you like this and I'm going to see to it that you get all you need!!"

It was awful, but Janet loved it! She shivered and forced her bottom to dance and wiggle around the fat prick buried inside her. Dave's voice sounded harsh and exciting in her ear as he pressed forward again, making a sweet surge of pleasure wash through Janet as she felt the prick fill her once more.

"Think of it! You and your mother! I'll take good care of both of you. She loves this, kid. Did you hear me? Your mother loves my cock in her back door too!"

Janet was gasping and jerking. The pain had faded and all she could feel was the hot, liquid feel of the man's big dong as it sluiced in and out of her clinging rectum.

"I could make her take care of you too. Would you like that, baby? How would you like it if I had her in here right now and she was sucking that sweet, wet little pussy of yours?"

Janet gasped. Her heart stopped beating and she felt the hot surge of lust nibble at her pebble-hard clitoris. She imagined her mother with her head between her splayed thighs and came!!

"Oooooo!!! I...aaaiiieeee!!" Deep in the back of her mind, Janet knew that she shouldn't let it happen, but the image of her mother's soft lips pulling and kissing her pussy inflamed her and she surrendered to the ripples of her orgasm. "Unnnggghhhh don't say that... that's... awwwuuuggghhhh!!"

Dave's pace had picked up. Janet squealed and shook as his lubricated cock pumped in and out of her rectum. Then she felt the prick in her behind stiffen and then jerk. A warm gushing sensation filled her and she felt her step-father send the hot flush from his balls deep into her gut.

"Oooowwwwaaaiiieee!!!" The animal scream of pleasure tore itself out of her as Janet lay pinned under the heaving mass of her mother's lover, feeling his cock thrusting in her bowels. She felt herself filled with thick, slippery come and frantically worked her tight anal sheath up and down Dave's beautiful cock!!

He could probably even do it, Janet told herself dazedly. He could make mama crawl down in the bed and suck me!! She tried not to let herself think about Grace and how wonderful Julia's mouth would feel. - 'No! I can't let it happen! It's not nice!'

But despite her thoughts, Janet's imagination ran ahead of her and even as she humped herself on Dave's wilting prick and knew she had to leave, she still heard her own voice in the strained stillness of her bedroom:

"Can you get it hard again? Please, Mr. Dave, get it hard and do that to me once more!!"

Chapter 9

It was crazy! She had a home, with her own room but she couldn't bring herself to go there! Janet didn't know what to do. She stood in the lobby of the Majestic and watched the last of the evening's patrons file out of the open doors.

'If I go back there he'll get me again,' Janet told herself.

It had been nearly two days. But just the same, whenever she thought about Dave Henry, her anus would pucker and she could feel the obscene desire well up in her again. 'He fucked you in the ass,' a teasing voice whispered in her head. 'And you liked it so much, you made him do it again three more times, or was it four?'

Janet shuddered and tried to think of something else but she had no other thoughts as strong and as lovely as her memories of what Dave Henry had done to her in her own room that night, and the next morning too.

There was a slow, swelling surge of excitement between her thighs. Janet tried not to think about her mother's lover, but the image of his big, thick cock haunted her every waking moment! When Janet remembered the way it had felt as it forced itself through her tight anal muscle to expand her rectum, she would moan with real desire.

'She'll find out,' Janet told herself, thinking about her mother. 'What will she say to me when she finds out about the things that Dave is doing to me?'

She was worried, but what she didn't know was that the ringing of the phone at the candy counter signalled that her problem was already being solved for her.

"Honey? Come over here a minute."

Janet knew that Grace was speaking to her but she was reluctant to turn and face the blonde. She'd been avoiding Grace for days.

"Janet, I have a message for you, from your mother."

She had no choice. Janet turned and walked to the counter. As she did, she noticed a familiar glow in the counter manager's eyes.

Grace pretended not to see Janet's reluctance. She gave the little girl a soft smile and pointed at the phone. "That was your mama. She sounded upset. She says that you should find someone to stay with tonight until she knew what to do. She says to tell you that she'd found out about it. What does that mean?"

Janet's mouth opened twice, but no sound came out. She felt a growing lump of shame and worry inside her as she stared at the other woman.

Grace was snapping off the lights behind the counter and then lifting the gate before Janet noticed. - A warm, soft arm slid around her shoulders and she felt herself hugged tight.

"I... I know you think that I helped Newt Simpson set you up here. I didn't want to do it, Janet. Honestly I didn't want to do it, but he made me. I didn't want you in this mess but... - well he has some pictures of me and I have to do what he tells me."

Janet didn't know what to say or what to do. She felt stunned and helpless. - If she couldn't go home, where could she go? Grace saw the expression on Janet's face and guessed what she was thinking. She tightened her grip on Janet's shoulder and began to steer her towards the main staircase.

"You just get your things, don't even stop to change," Grace whispered happily. "You're going to spend the night with me!"

Janet would have resisted but the handsome woman pressed a full, pillow-soft breast against her arm as she whispered again.

"You look like a little girl who needs some loving care and you know that I'm just the girl who can give it to you!"

A sudden charge of excitement washed up between her thighs and shook Janet as her tiny clitoris stiffened and began to expand at the thought of spending another night with Grace.

Grace waited for her at the door as Janet stumbled to her locker and fumbled inside to get her street clothes and purse. When she came out, the shaken twelve-year-old saw her friend talking to John Simpson. But as soon as Grace saw her, she turned away and hurried towards her.

"I've missed you, honey," Grace whispered when they arrived at her place. The door was still swinging shut behind them when Grace turned towards her. "Ummmmmm, my little lover! I've been thinking about you and just wait till you hear what I was thinking about!"

Janet was confused and still unsure of the situation but when a warm, urgent pair of lips closed over hers, she found that it was easier to surrender and let Grace make the decisions for her, as she was guided towards the bedroom and helped out of her clothes.

The small light over the bed was glowing. Grace quickly shed her own clothes too, leaving only her panties and bra on as she knelt before Janet. The lovely little girl watched with glowing eyes as the half naked woman slowly, carefully drew her silky panties down her slender thighs.

"Ooohh, I've dreamed about tasting your sweet little pussy again," Grace murmured as she paused and looked at Janet, her eyes travelling slowly over the slim body.

Grace's hands closed around Janet's waist and gently pushed. The backs of Janet's knees hit the bed and she was forced to sit down. Grace smiled at her again then slowly slid her face between Janet's trembling legs. The naked twelve-year-old gasped softly. Her belly gave a quick jerk as her thighs hooked themselves over the older woman's shoulders. Grace's wet tongue was protruding from her mouth and when its tip found the downy lips of Janet's lightly haired sex it wiggled in small circles.

Janet's head felt terribly heavy on her shoulders and she found it hard to support her reclining body on her elbows once the woman's thick tongue was inside her. Tiny muscles pulled and relaxed. Her nerves seemed to be crawling under her flesh and she sighed and wriggled contentedly.

Grace's warm hands slid under her upturned buttocks and cupped the firm cheeks. Janet moaned and allowed herself to be drawn forward another few centimetres to enable her to rotate her bubbling little love pit against the wonderful tongue that was waggling and rubbing against her swollen love knot.

"Oooohhhh," Janet gushed as firm lips tightened around the whole of her naked pussy and a firm, delightful suction was applied. "It feels like you're going to suck me inside out!!" Grace chuckled deep in her throat and the vibrations buzzed and tickled against her baby clit.

"Unnngggghhhh... I was afraid to let you do this to me," Janet confessed. "It's naughty and I was afraid that I'd become... a... a..." There was no way that she could finish the sentence without offending Grace, so Janet was forced to let it drift away.

"Ooooohhhh, my poor baby," the blonde murmured as she pulled her lips away from the little girl's well sucked and licked pussy. "Did you think that you'd turn lesbian just because I licked your tasty little pussy?"

Before Janet could answer, the tongue was in her again and the only sound she could make was a long, gasping sigh of delight.

"Don't worry lover," Grace whispered again.

She moved her hands behind her back and Janet watched in eager fascination as the bra was loosened and Grace's big, soft breasts were exposed. "I love a hard prick as much as any girl. It's just that sometimes we need a gentler sort of loving that only another girl can give."

Grace was naked as she crawled up on the large bed and lay down beside Janet.

This time the trembling little girl knew what was expected of her and when she stared down between the woman's full thighs, at her thick patch of pubic curls, she also knew that she didn't really mind.

"Climb on top of me, baby," Grace moaned softly.

Janet was on her knees and made no effort to resist when the older woman turned her and placed her face down between her legs.

"Lick me, make me feel good, Janet. Make Grace happy and she'll see to it that you have such a lovely night. Lick my pussy, lover!!"

Small fingers hooked into the thickened lips of Grace's hairy pussy. Janet stared down at the wet, salmon red membranes of the blonde's slit and felt her mouth water with anticipation.

A hand pressed at the back of her head. Janet heard Grace moan happily as she jammed the sharp tip of her tongue against the firm knot of the blonde's protruding clitoris. Janet shivered with excitement and began a slow, lapping stroke with her tongue. Not only didn't she mind doing this for the blonde, she realized that she loved doing it!

Janet had just established a nibbling and licking movement between Grace's splayed thighs when she heard the scraping sound of the bed table drawer being opened.

"Ummmmmm, that's wonderful, baby," Grace breathed as she moved a little.

In the mirror across from the bed, Janet saw the woman licking on a long, white plastic tube. For a second she didn't understand, but when Grace twisted something at the bottom of the tube and a strong, buzzing sound filled the room, she realized what it must be.

"I'm going to make you feel good, honey," Grace whispered when she pulled the vibrator out of her mouth. "I'll make you so happy that you'll never want to go home again!"

Janet wanted to pull away before Grace could insert the buzzing machine, but her muscles had turned to butter and she couldn't move. She watched out of the corner of her eye as the mirror images twisted and shook.

Grace pressed a hand under her stomach and forced Janet's bottom up a few centimetres, then gave the vibrator a last, loving lick before slowly sliding its conical head into the waiting throat of the twelve-year-old girl's tight little pussy.

A tiny squeal of surprise and delight bubbled out of Janet's mouth. Her tongue increased its speed as the lovely vibrations sank into her to the very bottom of her tight little love sheath!!

"Ummmm, uh thut fulls su guuuuud!!!" Her words were muffled by the slick lips of Grace's pussy and the older woman gasped and whimpered with pleasure when she felt Janet's teeth gently nip at her distended clitoris.

"Uhhhhh, push ut duuuuuper un muhhh!!!"

Her own little love knot was burning and Janet knew that it would only take a few minutes of the delicious buzzing to give her the release that she needed. She burrowed her face between the woman's trembling thighs and sucked. Warm, slippery juice coated her nose and her cheeks. Her small, pointed chin forced its way into the open flaps of the blonde's adult pussy, making Grace groan with pleasure.

"Annnggghhh suck it harder!! Oooohhh, baby!" Grace shook and wiggled under her, but Janet didn't lose the seal that her sucking lips had formed around her pussy. "Aaaaiiieee!!"

Grace bucked and heaved. Her soft breasts rubbed against the insides of Janet's slim thighs and in her excitement the gasping woman jammed a stiff forefinger deep in the center of the surprised little girl's exposed and defenseless anus!!

"Awwwwwwoooowww!!! Ohhhh... God," Janet moaned but licked even harder at the rigid stalk of the woman's clit. The finger in her ass wiggled and twisted, pulling and stretching her while the buzzing vibrator slid in and out of her little honey pot!!

"Awwww, baby," Grace gasped as the last after-shocks of her orgasm faded away. "Did you like it back there? Did one of those dirty men push his big dong through your back door and teach you to like that?"

Grace's strong hands pulled at her and Janet felt so helpless, so weak that she didn't consider resisting. She was pulled backward until she could feel the blonde's warm breath on her parted buttocks. She didn't know what to expect, but even so, she wasn't prepared for what happened next and squealed in surprise when she felt the firm cheeks of her trim little bottom spread even wider. Then she called out in a strangled voice when she felt the warm, slippery tongue of a tongue as it swirled and pressed around the softened oval of her tiny rectal opening.

"Ooooohhhh, ullllmmmm," Grace murmured as her lips fastened tight around the loosened opening.

Janet gasped and shook. She couldn't control the automatic jerking, motions that sent her aroused body back against the tongue and helped it force its way past her slick sphincter and into the firm sleeve of her anal passage.

"Oooooo, you do like it," Grace crooned when she finally pulled her stiff tongue out of Janet's ass and licked the tender flesh surrounding the anus. "I do too, baby. I know just how good it can be that way!!"

Janet moaned in frustration when she felt herself being lifted off Grace's soft, comforting body.

"Don't worry, lover," Grace whispered as she turned Janet over and deftly pulled the drawer beside her open again. "I have a lovely, delicious surprise for you."

Janet watched Grace in the mirror as she hurriedly fastened a dark leather harness around her middle. She felt a chill of excitement ripple through her, and the constant buzzing of the vibrator sapped her strength and left her weak and helpless before the excited woman.

"Ooohhh, you're going to like this so much," Grace muttered as she reached back into the drawer and brought out a big, perfectly molded cock!! "You're going to yell, baby, but it's going to be so nice that you'll beg for more!!"

Grace straightened up behind her and Janet watched in fascinated horror as the woman screwed the pink rubber staff onto the post that jutted out from the harness that she wore snug around her waist.

"Afterwards you can do it to me too, honey," the woman sighed as she paused to coat the fake cock with a thick film of ointment. "I've got an even bigger one, and I'd love to have you do me with it!!"

Janet whimpered and shook as she watched Grace bend over her and felt the firm, uplifted cheeks of her ass spread wide, the gleaming head of the greased dildo dip into the crease between her buttocks and gasped when she felt its cool, hard pressure against the saliva-wet ring of her anal opening.

She tensed her body and felt like screaming when the first, powerful thrust of the plastic cock hit her. But instead of the pain, Janet felt the smooth, almost effortless entry of the greased plastic pole as it went in, and with each fat centimeter that entered her, the pleasure increased!

"Ooohhh, it feels goooood!!!" She felt Grace's warm hands pinning her to the bed and fought to lift her bottom to could receive even more of the lovely rod. "Oggghhhh, Grace! I love it! Do it... I want more, fuck me in the ass, Grace!!"

A sweet feeling of contentment filled her as she felt her small breasts grow harder, more swollen and felt her clit stiffen even more as she was penetrated fore and aft. The long, hard length of the vibrator lay buzzing and twitching in the tight grip of her pussy while the thick, warming length of the dildo pushed her soft, yielding bowels aside.

"I will, lover," the blonde panted as she thrust the unnatural cock into the little girl's upturned anus again and again. "You're going to be wonderful. A super star! I swear it. A real super star!!"

The naked little girl was too far gone to wonder what those words meant and she was also too engrossed with the lovely sensations that were exploding inside her to hear the muted, rasping whisper of frame after frame of film being fed into a camera just outside of the window!!

"Aaaaggghhh... Oooohhh, harder! I...aaaiiieeee!!!"

Chapter 10

"Janet... Janet Morrison."

The young girl was startled to hear a man calling her name. She had just stepped down from the bus and stood staring in surprise at the man who sat in the car by the curb.

"Janet? Come over here for a second, I want to talk to you."

She'd only taken a few steps in the direction of the curb when Janet noticed something that unnerved her. The man behind the wheel looked even more like her daddy than Mr. Baker, the theatre chain manager had!

"Do I know you? I... I don't think so," Janet said as she bent down and peered into the car. "You'd better leave me alone or I'll call the police!"

The man in the car just grinned at her and opened a leather case that he took out of his pocket, the badge gleaming in the shining rays of the sun.

"Get in, kid," the policeman said quietly. "I just want to talk to you, so don't get all excited!"

The man in the car motioned for Janet to get in and after a few moments hesitation she did. He knew her name. She couldn't run away from him. The man turned his head, checked the oncoming traffic and, without a word to her, pulled the car into the slow lane and drove away from the bus stop corner.

She waited, not trusting herself to say the right thing. But as the time passed, Janet found it harder and harder. "Am I... Am I under arrest?"

The man laughed. "Awwww, honey. Do I look like someone who would arrest a sweet little pumpkin like you?"

The fear ebbed away and a shy, smile eased the serious planes of Janet's pretty face.

When the man pulled the car back to the curb, they were parked in a quiet, warehouse area. There were no pedestrians, no one to see them talking.

"No, you're not under arrest, Janet," he said gently. "Because I think you're just a confused little girl who's caught up in something that she can't handle."

The fear came back and Janet stiffened. He was right, of course, but she couldn't admit it. She didn't trust him, no matter how nice he seemed.

Jim Richards smiled at her and laid a gentle hand on Janet's arm. "You're in over your head, kid. I don't want any trouble for you, but that bastard Simpson and that kid that pimps for him, Rick? Those are the ones that I want!!"

Janet looked up from the card and saw the truth in the policeman's eyes.

"They're scum, honey. They'll use you until there's nothing left of you to sell and then they'll drop you like a piece of trash!"

Janet wanted to cry. She knew that he was telling the truth, but just the same her tongue refused to move. She couldn't tell him what was happening to her.

Almost as if he could read her thoughts, the policeman reached into his suit coat pocket and handed her a small, printed card. "My name is Jim Richards, Janet. Take my card."

Janet stared at the crisp, white card. It read Detective James Richards and it included a phone number and the police department crest.

"I know... you don't want to talk to me now, Janet," Jim Richards said calmly. "But I think that you will soon. Call me! Tell me what they're doing to you and I'll help. You have to believe me. I'll help!!"

Janet stood on the corner, watching the detective's car slip away into the flow of traffic. For a moment the frightened girl considered tearing up the card and turning her back on Jim Richard's offer of help. But then a sudden calm came over her and she opened her purse and carefully tucked the card away.

When she walked through the back door of the Majestic, she saw Grace bending over the candy counter, her hands busily filling the case with fresh candy bars and boxes of goodies.

Before she could speak, Janet heard John Simpson's deep voice calling to her from the head of the stairs.

"You're late, Janet. Come up here, will you?" She didn't want to go with him, but, looking up, Janet saw a hard, demanding look on the manager's face. "Come on, I have something that I want to show you before we open."

Janet darted a quick look at Grace, hoping for some sign of support, but instead the blonde flushed and quickly looked away. Janet stared at the older girl, knowing in her heart that Grace didn't really care, no matter what she had said or how she had acted when they were alone.

"Shut the door, honey," John said in a deceptively soft voice.

The man was smiling at her, but the smile stopped before it reached his eyes. They were cold as they stared at her.

Janet did as she was told, then turned back to John. She wanted to stay by the door, but he held out a hand for her and the slim little girl had no choice but to go to him.

"I haven't seen you for the last few days, honey," John purred. "I've been thinking about you."

She was drawn up on the man's lap. As she settled back against his chest Janet could feel his big prick stir and stiffen against her bottom.

"Mr. Baker and I had a little talk about you today," John said. His warm hand boldly slid up under Janet's skirt. "We've decided that you should be able to do a little more work."

Janet gasped softly as the man's stiff finger pressed itself through the sparse curly black hairs of her downy sex. "It's work that can make you a lot of money. More than you're making now."

John bent his head and licked at the side of Janet's neck while he pulled her panty crotch aside and forced his fingertip into her moistening little slit. "A lot of the men in the Film Club have mentioned how they like you and would be willing to pay good money if you would go off with them for a little while and... be nice to them!"

Janet had known that it would come to this since she saw Kathy take that man back behind the screen and moaned and shook her head. But the finger inside her was moving and twisting, making it hard for her to think.

"Noooooo, I don't want to do that... I ooohhh!!!"

John was stroking her stiff little clit and the pleasure that welled up in her made her insides melt. "I ...that's wrong. I don't think I want to do that," the twelve-year-old girl whimpered again, but the tone of her voice was weaker, less certain.

"I didn't think that you would either, at first," Mr. Simpson sighed in Janet's ear.

He was moving under her and the trembling little girl could feel his big dong pressing between the cheeks of her panty clad buttocks.

"That's why Grace and I took out a little insurance policy last night."

There was an envelope on the desk. John used his free hand to tip it and spill its contents. The manager's voice sounded harder and determined. "Look at the pictures, Janet! Take a long look at all of them and then tell me how you'd like your mother to see them or have some of them passed around in your school?"

Janet moaned as her eyes moved from one glossy photograph to the next. In an instant she realized that they must have been taken from the open bedroom window in the corner of Grace's room!!

"Aaahhhh...they're awfullllllll," the little girl moaned as she saw herself writhing and screaming in the pictures, the white shaft of a vibrator sticking out of her vagina while she lifted her slim body towards the fat, plastic prick, one end jutting obscenely from the harness around the older girl's hips, the other disappearing into her tightly stretched anus.

"No, don't show them," she pleaded softly. "Don't let anyone see them!!"

John laughed. He picked up a picture and put it in front of the shamed little girl's face. Janet found herself staring at the image of herself one hand pressed between Grace's splayed thighs while she held the dripping dildo in the other - the thick, flanged head of it in her mouth!!

"Looks like you've learned to like sucking cocks, honey. You'll do what I tell you. You'll be a good little girl now and be nice to the men I tell you to, won't you?" He didn't give her a chance to agree. "Because if you don't, you're going to be known as the dirtiest little girl in town!!"

"No," Janet groaned. "I'll be good. I'll do anything that you tell me to do, honest!"

She could hear a triumphant sound in John's voice and she was shocked to realized how much she disliked him now!

"I know you'll be a good girl. You'll be a nice, obedient little girl and you'll love every minute of it, won't you now?"

Mr. Simpson's finger was by now buried deep inside her and as it moved and twisted, Janet gasped. - She hated him, she really did! But each time he teased her rigid clitoris her need for release grew stronger!

"Get on your knees, my girl," Mr. Simpson whispered in her ear. Janet shivered and moaned in faint protest when he jerked his finger out of her slippery little love slit, but she didn't fight it when he guided her off his lap and onto the floor in front of his chair.

Janet trembled and pressed her slender thighs together in a vain effort to still the vibrating excitement of her clitoris and to stop the flow of love juices as it seeped out of her, making her panties moist and sticky.

Mr. Simpson smiled at her as he casually unbuckled his slacks and jerked his swollen cock into view. Janet sighed as she stared at the swollen, purple-hued head of the prick. No words were spoken. She knew what he wanted.

Janet could hear the dry, whispering sounds her knees made on the stiff carpet as she inched closer to John's legs and pressed her face between the seated man's thighs and extended her tongue.

Slowly, gently, Janet licked all of the thick, jerking dong before her. She heard John's sighs of pleasure and instead of disgusting her, they excited her all the more!

He had dropped his hand from his prick again, letting it jerk and wobble under Janet's tongue. The little girl pressed the aching tips of her small breasts against the groaning man's knees and opened her mouth. The slick, velvet-smooth flesh of the cockhead felt nice as it slid over the flat surface of her tongue. Janet pursed her lips around the shaft and sucked. At the same time, she worked her tongue in wide circles against the underside.

"Ummmmmggghhh, that's right, my little baby," Mr. Simpson groaned approvingly. "Suck it good! Suck it and lick it and make it wet and slick so that I can shove it in you!"

Janet groaned. The filthy words were raining down on her and no matter what she thought, they excited her. Almost against her will, she pressed closer, letting his shin wedge itself between her parting thighs. As she felt the bone rub against her puffy, wet little pussy, she shamelessly wriggled against it, driving her desire to a terrifying pitch!

John sighed. His fingers twined in her thick, curly black hair and forced the excited little girl's head up and down in his lap. Wet, rasping sounds escaped Janet's mouth as she sucked and pulled on the big man's cock.

At last the man made a groaning, gasping sound and tore Janet's soft wet mouth away from his prick.

"Get up here! Lean over across the desk!!"

The slender little girl felt like putty in his hands, groaning as she was forced face down on the smooth surface of his desk. There was a dull, ripping sound and Janet knew that her panties had been torn away. The little girl moaned, pinned against the desk, her feet dangling a few inches from the floor, her bottom naked and upturned before her tormentor.

"I saw you," John said as he moved in behind Janet. "I saw you jump and squirm when Grace pushed that plastic cock up your back door!"

Her skirt had been pushed high over her waist and the dark twelve-year-old whimpered when his naked cock rubbed between the firm cheeks of her trim little bottom. "I want to try that too, baby! I want to feel your tight looking little ass wrapped around my dick too!"

Janet whimpered when she felt the saliva-coated head of his cock find the plump separation of her buttocks and push them apart.

"Yeah, you like that too now, don't you?" John's voice sounded rough and labored. "I taught you to like cock, honey! I popped your little cherry, remember? I'm the one who taught you to love this!!"

The head of the cock found the nervously winking, tight little sphincter guarding the entrance to her anal pussy and then rammed in. Janet gasped and shook. The air was forced out of the half naked girl's lungs when the cock slammed into her in one punishing stroke. "Annnggghhh... Oooooo, Mr. Simpson!!"

"You're all alike," the groaning man whispered as he began to make his thick slab of a prick move and jerk in the tight grip of Janet's rectum. "That's why I love this job! I love it when I can take a cute little baby like you and teach you what both your little pussies are good for. Because you all love it in the end!"

"Oooooohhhh...huuuuuhhh!!!" The words stung her, but the feel of the big cock slipping and popping inside her more than healed the hurt. Janet gasped. She wiggled and humped her slender little body on the end of Mr. Simpson's prick.

"Yesssss, I love it," the little girl whispered heatedly. "I'll let a lot of other men put their fat things in me and I'll love it!!"

She meant what she said, every nasty word of it! Janet was beginning to hate herself but she couldn't control the violent spasms that shook her. She couldn't deny the hot, slick demand for release that had come to life inside her!!

"Ooohhh...I'm coming" John gasped and moaned. "I'm shooting my come in your belly!!"

She hated him, but just the same Janet moaned with pleasure when she felt the hot flood of wetness inside her. The man's prick became coated with it, making it slide easier through her tight back door.

"Aaahh," she squealed happily as her own climax exploded inside her. "Harder, shove it in all the way, harder!!!" Delicate waves of pleasure washed and lapped through her. The girl shook and wiggled. The cheeks of her plump ass compressed around the shaft of Mr. Simpson's prick. Her hairless pelvic arch scrubbed and squeaked against the polished surface of his desk.

But a little voice whispered over the groans and moans of pleasure: 'I'll get you! You won't turn me into your personal whore!!!!'

Chapter 11

"I'm glad you called, honey, it's the best thing you could have done." Janet nodded. She couldn't think of an answer. The police detective sighed and leaned back in the driver's seat.

Janet eyed Jim Richards out of the corner of her eye and felt a chill of illicit excitement. - He did look like daddy, and she couldn't help recalling how exciting it had been when Mr. Baker had shoved his rigid cock into her and she had imagined it was her father.

"You did the right thing, Janet," Jim Richards said. "Tomorrow we'll take care of those bastards." The policeman paused and gave the slender little girl a sidelong glance. "But that still doesn't solve your problem at home."

Janet felt her cheeks burn as she blushed and ducked her head. She'd told him everything, every detail of what had happened to her after she went to the Majestic to look for a job.

Her head was still down, but she heard a subtle difference in Jim's voice when he spoke to her again.

"I doubt that your mother will be willing to give up her new boy friend, so it... ahhhhh... doesn't look like you can go home again.."

Janet felt a tiny, vibrating flicker of excitement in her belly as she waited for the man to go on.

"They all treated you rough, didn't they?" Jim shook his head and coughed uncomfortably. "I can see why they ... wanted you, but I can't understand why they would hurt you."

Janet stared at his waist. He's got a hard-on, Janet told herself resignedly. He's been thinking about the things that happened to me and it made him hard!

Janet was so caught up in the sight that she didn't feel the seat shift or see the detective moving towards her. A smooth hand dropped on her bare thigh, snapping her back to reality.

"You said that you liked some of the things they did," Jim said quietly. "Did you mean that, Janet? Was some of it as good as you said?"

Janet could hear the tension in the policeman's voice and smiled. She realized that now she was in control and that gave her confidence.

"Uh huh... a lot of it was nice... I liked it." Janet lowered her eyes to watch Jim Richards' hand begin to crawl up her thigh.

"It's crazy," the greying man whispered in a husky voice. "But when you say that, I can't see anything wrong with it."

Janet sighed and parted her thighs slightly but the hand didn't go any higher.

"I'm a cop honey, I... I shouldn't be..."

Janet wasn't sure why, but it was very important for her to make him like her. It wasn't just because he was like daddy. It was something else, more important. She sat very still and waited for a few more seconds then, when she was sure that he wasn't going any further, she decided to take matters into her own hands.

"I wouldn't mind if you were... interested... in me," Janet said in a soft voice. "I think I'd like it." Before Jim had a chance to react Janet slowly pulled the hem of her skirt up and opened her thighs for his hand!

"Mr. Simpson tore my panties," Janet whispered as she leaned back against the seat and raised her thighs. "That's why I'm not wearing any now."

Jim Richards coughed nervously and quickly looked around. They were parked where they'd been earlier in the day. It was dark now and there was no sign of traffic or pedestrians in the warehouse district.

His hand moved again and they both began to tremble as the fingers met and gently pressed against the slick folds of the little girl's sex. Janet nibbled gently at her lower lip and pressed against the edge of the seat with her heels, lifting her naked bottom and pressing her moist little slit against the policeman's fingers.

"Oh yes, it feels goooood," Janet murmured. The little girl gripped the policeman's hand and pulled, pressing his thick forefinger into her slippery vulva. Jim Richards trembled and then groaned. Looking down again Janet saw that his prick was standing hard and long, making a tent of the front of his slacks.

"Oh, how nice," Janet sighed. Her hand dropped away from his and in seconds, the trembling twelve-year-old was busily undoing the detective's belt and unzipping his fly.

"Christ, I must be out of my mind! I can't ...aaaaaahhhhh!!!"

The front of his slacks were open and Janet's busy fingers had wormed their way inside his shorts. The man sighed and the little girl groaned with anticipation as her small fingers traced the length and thickness of his pulsating hard-on.

"Honey, you shouldn't... Oh yes, squeeze it harder. Yes, just like that!!!!"

She remembered the way that Dickie had taught her to play with him. Janet's fingers worked up and down the thick, hairy shaft of Jim's cock, making him sigh and shudder as she masturbated him.

"Your shorts are in the way," Janet whispered. "Pull them down."

The man hesitated for a moment. Janet looked up and saw the conflict in his expression but when she withdrew her hand and sat waiting, he made his decision.

"Must be out of my mind," the detective muttered, but he lifted himself off the seat and jerked his shorts and trousers down to his knees. "Go on then, baby, work on it a little bit."

She didn't hesitate but gripped the naked prick and quickly rubbed it, pulling the loose skin up and down the policeman's big prick. She felt warm and safe for the first time in days and she knew that she had to repay Jim for his help. She shifted on the seat and lay down. Jim's hand drifted down her spine and firm mounds of her small buttocks, and as she gently sucked and licked at his swelling glans, his hand pressed between the cheeks and found her wet little slit from the rear.

"Ummmm," Janet cooed against the slick cock head that she was sucking, "Du yu luk ut when uh suck ut?"

Jim didn't answer with words, but his long finger dove deep inside her and the excited little girl began to buck, sliding her downy pussy against the slick seat covers.

"God, kid! I need to put it in you," Jim whispered urgently. "God help me, but I have to feel how tight that little pussy of yours really is!"

Janet smiled happily, gave the groaning policeman's big prick a long, loving suck and scrambled to her knees, trembling with excitement as she swung a slim thigh over his and sat down, facing him. He groaned, his big hands cupped her firm little buttocks and pulled her close. Janet sighed as she was lifted, her round knees pressed against the back of the seat and she shuddered when the slippery, saliva-coated head of his prick found the lips of her pussy.

"Unnnggghhhh, you're like velvet," Jim gasped as the plump folds of the little girl's downy pussy swallowed the head of his prick and seemed to suck it into her. Jim's fingers tightened on her shoulders and began to press the groaning little girl down on his upthrust prick.

It was Janet's turn to groan as she felt herself filled to overflowing with lovely, gnarled cock! The little girl trembled and pressed down on the penis, impaling herself on it. They sighed in unison, then began to work. Jim lifted himself up from the seat, working his long rammer deep in her belly until she thought she could feel it pressing against her stomach. In return, Janet began to roll her hips, helping the throbbing cock twist and turn inside her. At the same time she used the skill Mr. Baker had taught her and clamped down hard on the prick, as if she were trying to keep it inside her forever!!

It was a warm summer night and the windows were closed. The air in the car grew warm and close and soon the groaning girl was sweating, feeling it running down the pointed tips of her tiny breasts and down the ridge of her spine.

"Faster," Janet whispered softly. "Do it harder and faster, please!"

The man groaned and used his grip on her buttocks to help moving the moaning, gasping little girl up and down on his long, shining prick. - "Unnngggghhhh, it feels so good. Huuuuuhhh!!"

Janet moaned, then gasped. She stiffened and then began to frantically twist and jerk on the stiff bone filling her pussy. "Aaaiiieeee," she squealed happily as she climaxed, bright, neon colors exploding behind her eyes and a lovely warmth and sense of well-being flooding her.

"Ooohhhh.. aaahhh... Unnnggghhhh," Jim groaned as his big prick bucked against the back of Janet's slick pussy then began to fill it with white, creamy come. "Aaaahhhh," the man groaned with pleasure. "Don't worry...we'll take care of you. I'll think of something... aaaaaggghhh!!

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

It was bewildering. Things had happened so fast that she wasn't sure what was happening! Janet sat very still in the large chair in Juvenile Court. Looking up, the little girl saw that the judge was looking at her. The old man's eyes flashed behind his rimless glasses as he smiled at her.

"The uhhhh, situation at the theatre is now under control?"

The judge's question sparked memories in Janet's mind. She fidgeted in her chair and was forced to put her hand up in front of her face when she remembered the look of shock and surprise on Mr. Simpson's face when she opened the side door and let the police into the Majestic in the middle of a film-club session!

"Yes, your honor," Jim Richards said with a smile. "All of the suspects were taken in and several of the patrons were arrested for lewd behavior." A tiny giggle tried to slip out of her mouth and Janet had to nip hard at her knuckle to keep from laughing. They were taken in all right! She remembered the fat man who'd been behind the screen with poor Kathy. He'd tried to run with his pants down at his ankles and had tripped, falling right through the screen! 'I knew,' Janet told herself happily. 'I knew that I'd get them, all of them!'

"Then all that remains is the matter of what to do with this young lady." The judge smiled at her again and Janet returned the smile.

"Yes sir, I have the papers here. They have all been signed and witnessed." Jim paused and looked at Janet.

The look that passed between them made the little girl shiver with pleasure. Her pussy twisted and she could feel a fresh dew of moisture seep out of her and wet the crotch piece of her new panties.

"...and that being the case it is our suggestion that the petition to make Janet Morrison a ward of Sergeant and Mrs. Richards be granted," the judge read. The old man paused for a moment then nodded his head. "Petition granted."

The judge turned his attention to Janet.

"Young lady, you are now the ward of the Richards' family. Do you understand that?"

"Yes sir," Janet said, nodding.

"Good, you're under their care and supervision. Listen to them and be a good little girl," the man said. Janet nodded again and smiled.

Jim was nervous. He had avoided looking at her as he drove. When they turned down the street to his house he shook his head and muttered to himself. "I am crazy, this is going to be a wild thing! Do you know what could happen if anyone finds out about us? What do you think will happen if Molly finds out?"

Janet thought about her new 'mother'. Molly Richards was a pretty, dark haired little woman with a large, friendly smile. - She didn't want to hurt her.

"I... I don't know what would happen," Janet murmured.

Jim snorted and pulled the car into the garage. Before Janet could say anything else he got out and shut the garage door, leaving the little girl sitting.

"Molly is downtown, shopping," he said as he got back in the car. "I know it's crazy but... I want you, right here and now!"

A warm flow of happiness filled Janet as she edged closer to him and whispered, "I'll get my new dress all wrinkled."

Jim shook his head impatiently and pulled her up on his lap.

"I don't care. I bought the dress and I can buy more of them," he growled as he hauled the dress up and began to slip Janet's panties down over her knees.

The slender twelve-year-old sighed. She sat facing away from him enjoying the feel of his warm hands on her naked buttocks. Then Janet heard the whisper of a zipper and moaned with anticipation when she felt the steel of her new father's big cock press in between her cheeks and find the slick mouth of her pussy.

"Oooooo, daddy," Janet groaned as she was entered from the rear. "Ohhhhh, I love it when you put it inside me, I really love it!"

Jim groaned and trembled, his hips beginning to lift and surge. His swollen cock made wet sticky sounds in the little girl's tight pussy.

They were so engrossed with their lovemaking that neither of them saw the connecting door to the house open and a small brunette step into the darkened garage.

"Oh my God! Jim!!" They both froze in mid-stroke as they found themselves face to face with Molly! Janet felt so foolish, sitting there staring at the shocked woman, perched on her new step-father's throbbing cock!

"Ohhhhh, noooo," Jim groaned. The policeman was so shocked that he made no move to lift Janet off his prick. "Molly, I... I don't know what to say!!"

Each passing second seemed like a year and Janet felt panic building up in her as she stared at Molly Richards.

"Well, you might at least invite me to join you," her stepmother purred as she slipped into the car beside them. Janet gasped as she saw the small brunette's hand slip between her splayed thighs and felt practiced fingers lightly caress her still rigid clit!!

"I think this is a pretty cramped place to do it, but I suppose we can manage," Molly whispered as she slipped her finger into Janet's pussy along her husband's hard cock. "At least we can manage it this time, but after this we make love in the bed!!"

* * *